怪獣黙示録

大樹連司 著　虚淵玄 監修
（ニトロプラス）

角川文庫

Table of Contents:

Foreword
Note about the Text
United Earth Historical Outline
Introduction
Chapter 1: Emergence

-Kamacuras
-Dogora
-Hedorah
-Gabara
-Dagahra
-Orga

Chapter 2: “G” Part 3: Contact Part 4: Counterattack

Manda
Biollante
Zilla and Gorosaurus
Epilogue (2048)

Foreword by LSD Jellyfish

Godzilla, being a Japanese Franchise, is no stranger to obscure media that is never localized to the West.

A few years ago, the Polygon Anime Godzilla Trilogy arrived on Netflix. While the series overall is not popular amongst the Western Godzilla Fandom, the series' backstory has captured the imagination of many fans. The prologue of the first film, Monster Planet, shows that since 1999, humankind has been besieged by such monsters from Dogora to Gezora, to even Zilla.

A few years ago, I, LSD Jellyfish set out to translate this. I got my hands on the novel and its sequel. However, I quickly realized that this would be way too time consuming, and too hard for me. After recently talking to a friend, I was recommended to use DeepL AI translation software. After trying it out, I realized that translating this was indeed possible. Page by page, I took the kanji from the book, entered it into the software, and compiled it into this document. As you can surmise, the software is not perfect, and often times even if something was correct, it required me to rewrite it and make it more palatable. This still took a large amount of time.

There may be some missing lines and some mistakes. However, I'm satisfied in saying that this is now readable. I think anyone who wants to, can read this from page 1 to the end, and no longer feel like they're missing out on a Japan exclusive novel. The novel does some great world-building and I think people who are into alternative histories will

really enjoy this.

What this is: -A readable and user friendly version of Monster Planet of Godzilla, intended for those desperate to read and understand the Godzilla series. -Unofficial Monster Planet of Godzilla Translation

What this isn't:

-A 100% accurate translation. Please do not use this as a direct source for confirmation for things such as online wikis.

-A replacement for an official, or even unofficial, translation by a professional translator.

To reiterate, I did not translate the majority of this myself. I used Google Translate, DeepL, looked it over with my rudimentary Japanese, and compiled it. The only credit I can really take, is just taking the time to put it all into an easily accessible PDF, and re-writing Google Translated text into more readable prose.

While not to excuse piracy for profit, the Godzilla community is no stranger to having to rely on bootlegs and fan translations to enjoy it's media. I like to think that this carries in that trend of "this guy at the con had a unsubbed bootleg of Zone Fighter, just now in a digital format.

That being said, should an official translation of this ever come out, I will remove this, and ask people directly to purchase the official version.

I hope everyone who has wanted to read Monster Planet of Godzilla enjoys this.

-LSD Jellyfish

A note about the text:
Much of the novel is written in the style of interviews. In the original Japanese, the interviewer's dialogue is written with a bold font. Within the novel itself there is some inconsistency in indicating when the interviewer asks questions. Bear that in mind when you read the conversations. I've opted to try to follow this format, although there are times where I've tried to make it clearer that the interviewer is merely speaking or thinking.
Likewise, it's very clear, and outright stated by the narrator, that many of the interviewees may be unreliable sources and/or not have a complete picture of the story. I preference this, because as soon you'll see, there's many scenes where characters ramble on or seem confused.

United Earth

ReportonEarth Evacuation Project

Proposals for Rational Choices for Securing Humanospheres for Humans
Date: March 26, 2046
Background to Immigrant Selection
Important Decisions in the Earth Escape Plan Project Team ARATRUM
Immigrant Selection Subcommittee

This draft is to reflect on the current situation of mankind and propose important choices for securing the sphere of the right to exist of mankind in the future. Currently, there are 522 million surviving human beings ascertained by the Central Government of the Rio de Janeiro Earth Federation in Brazil (Approximately 7 billion people lived at the time of the appearance of the first monster). It is an urgent task for the Federation to consider how to allow the remaining human beings to survive with limited resources. There have been two interstellar immigration ships in geostationary orbit for some time. The total capacity of the two ships is about 15,000 (Aratrum: 5,000 / Oratio: 10,000). Careful judgment is required for selection from the viewpoint of maintaining human culture and civilization and political legitimacy. The following is the final proposal of this subcommittee after many discussions on the matter.

Below, I will explain the circumstances that led to the "Plan for Immigration to Extraterrestrial Planets".

*It excludes unofficial records held by former national government agencies before the establishment of the Earth Federation.

May 1999
United States of America: New York ~ Boston
Appearing monster name: Kamacuras
Estimated number of casualties: 2.5 million people are killed.

The first confirmed giant creature or "monster". In New York, in the Southwest of Manhattan Bay, they suddenly appeared from the up and out of the sea.* In 72 hours after landing, it traveled 330 kilometers in a northeast direction. Destroy the passing area. At Portsmouth near Boston, the air force strike force repulsed them with a salvo of laser-guided underground penetrating bombs "Bunker Busters." The hypothesis that the emergence of "monsters" is the emergence of biological selection phenomena caused by rapid changes in the global environment is still widely accepted.

September 2002
United Kingdom: London~Manchester
Appearing monster name: Dogora
Estimated number of casualties: about 3.9 million.

November 2005
People's Republic of China: Tianjin~Beijing
Appearing Monster Name: Radon and Anguirus
Estimated casualties Number: Approximately 8.2 million

Operation "Hedorah" using biological and chemical weapons was successful. Pollution damage occurred throughout Hebei Province.
December 2017
Commonwealth of Australia, Sydney to Newcastle
Appearance monster name: Dagahra / Estimated number of casualties: about 6.7 million people.

A bacterial infection occurred due to an unidentified substance released from the monster's body. It expanded to the East Coast of Australia

May 2022
Turkey: Izmir ~ Ankara
Appearing monster name: Orga
Estimated number of casualties: about 1.15 million people

2030
The West Coast area of the United States is different and uncreognizeable from before
Outline of Events:

Appearance of the "monster". Appearance monster name: Godzilla Number of casualties: approx. 8.7 million / Humanity's survival rate: 50% / World

Estimated population: 2.3 billion. Los Angeles to San Francisco Los Angeles

to San Francisco destroyed. Extensive damage,
incomparable to that of conventional "monster" individuals. Three other individual monsters that appeared at the same time were destroyed by Godzilla and silenced.
Year 2034

Godzilla destroys Western Europe. The EU allied forces launch an all-out attack, which fails. Appearance of Godzilla
Estimated casualties Number: approx. 6 million / Humanity's survival zone secured
Percentage: 30% / World population estimated at 2 billion. French
Republic
Great Existence and Appearance

Year: 2035
The "Exif" aliens appear in New York

Year 2036
The "Bilusaludo" aliens appear in London

Year 2039 The "Earth Union" is established by the three races of humans, Bilusaludo, and Exif. Each nation becomes an autonomous region. “Operation Eternal Light," an operation to retake Europe, is successfully executed against the backdrop of advanced science and technology in cooperation with the Exif and Bilusaludo. Development and mass production of anti-monster weapons are accelerated, but effective

measures against Godzilla remain unclear.

Year 2042 Godzilla is confirmed to be active (Godzilla appears 8 times.) Monster Godzilla/estimated casualties: 300 million/humanity Humanity's survival rate: 19% / Estimated world population: 1.2 Billion Area of loss of life zone: entire east coast of the U.S., northern Africa, Eurasia, and the Eurasian continent. Northern Africa, 50% of Eurasia is destroyed. This project team begins. The project for the immigration of selected persons to an extraterrestrial planet. Construction begins on the interstellar emigration ship needed to carry out the plan. The provisional central government functions are moved to the suburbs of present-day Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Year 2045 "Operation Great Wall" is implemented to contain Godzilla on the Eurasian continent. The plate boundary fault in the plains near the Eurasian Continent and the Himalayas is destroyed by 2,000 thermonuclear bombs. A large fault zone (width: 1 km / depth: 800 m / total length: 10,000 km) is formed, successfully delaying the progress of "Godzilla" for approximately one year. January 2046: Godzilla appears: Godzilla" breaks through the Indian defense line. Estimated casualties: 200 million / Humanity's survival rate: 13%/. Estimated world population: 800 million. Godzilla, enclosed in the continental plate, melted a part of the Himalayas with a heat ray attack and escaped from the Great Fault Zone. It breached the Indian defense line and disappears into the Bay of Bengal. March of the same year. Godzilla landed in Hamamatsu, Japan. The final battle against Godzilla is lost. -Redacted- is lost. Continues to the Indian Peninsula, Japan

Year 2048:
Plans to Execute the "Plan for Emigration to Extraterrestrial Planets" begin.

Humans withdraw from the archipelago.
Monster: Godzilla
Number of casualties: 100 million / Percentage of human sphere of influence: 11% / Estimated world population: 700 million

Primates Primates.

The highest species.

It is a name that we humans, who are proud of ourselves, called ourselves. But now... no, in 1999, when the last century is about to end, mankind has easily fallen from the primate seat of this earth.

Now, among the creatures that live on this planet, the creatures that are worthy of being called primates are giant monsters of unknown identity that have emerged due to the sudden changes in the environment of the monster earth. No, this is not correct. The true primate is the king of monsters, God of Destruction, Ultimate Creature, G...., King of Monsters.

Mankind, myself included, was instilled with unimaginable terror by him. Even writing that name makes my fingers tremble and sweat drip down the keyboard.

A symbol of fear.

A god beast.

GODZILLA

That is the name of the current primate of the earth.

We humans are now on the verge of extinction due to monsters, and above all, due to G.

The year is 2048.

The final battle against G in Japan in March 2046 ended in defeat for humanity. There is no way left to counter the monster, against him. Humans, who numbered 7 billion at their peak and ruled five continents and seven seas, are now reduced to a number of an estimated 700 million. It became just that, and the only place left for humans is a part of the South American continent.

Time and again, we have had to rely on the forbidden power of nukes to defeat monsters and their kings. The retribution fell on us in the form of drastic changes in the global environment, resulting in a succession of abnormal weather, the spread of unknown epidemics, and the appearance of even more monsters.

In the not too distant future, humanity is doomed to be wiped off this planet. The only difference is whether the final blow will be a natural disaster, starvation and plague, or, as most expected, it will be that monster...G.

In such a situation, the Earth Federation government made the final decision in order to keep the human race alive. In other words, it is a rational choice for securing the humanosphere of humankind... "A plan for immigration to the extraterrestrial paradise of mankind."

However, in the battle against the monsters...especially in the battle against G, the human beings who are in need of all kinds of resources, from manpower to energy, have prepared only two interstellar immigration ships, the Oratio and the Aratrum. They can still accommodate a large number of people, but only 10,000 and 5,000 respectively. A mere 15,000 of them are trying to flee into space, leaving behind 700 million surviving brethren on Earth, which has become a monster planet ruled by strange creatures and their kings.

I am.

I am one of those cowards. The crews of the two spaceships were able to perform Gematria calculations brought by the alien Exif (in the eyes of many of us humans, it is seen as a mysterious power that predicts the future rather than mathematics). They were rigorously chosen with the Gematria Calculations. However, among those who were chosen, there were quite a few who refused to board the immigrant ship and chose to fight with their fellow Earth brethren until the very end. If it hadn't been for him, it would have been impossible for someone like me to get a ticket. As a member of the human race on Earth, I wanted to at least see the end. But I could never ask my beloved wife and son to share my fate with this earth.

I considered sending only my son, but the committee did not allow it. In addition, unlike the Oratio, the Aratrum, which my family was allowed to board, was not equipped with a cryo-sleep device. The crew will travel 11.9 light-years to the planet Tau Cetus e in a ship with limited facilities and resources.

You have to endure the journey of things. There was no way I could send my young child and my wife alone on such a harsh journey. I don't like it. No matter how much I write about this, it is nothing more than an excuse. I am a coward who chose my wife and children over my 700 million fellow countrymen. What I am writing now is at least my atonement. Or, it is a shallow compensatory action to escape from guilt.

As an employee of the General Intelligence Department of the Earth Alliance Intelligence Force, I was involved in research on monsters until just before I was ordered to board the Aratrum in 2048.

Having said that, our team was not in charge of the most important mission of the Information Force, namely direct contact investigations of monsters and scientific studies of their ecology and organization.

My main task was to analyze the monsters and listen to the stories of those who were lucky enough to survive. It seems more like a journalist's job than a soldier's, but it was indispensable for evaluating and summarizing each operation. With a desire to grasp this, I sought the testimonies of the survivors for the key to overturning this hopeless situation. As a result...

Leaving aside the former, it can be said that the latter was almost a waste of effort.

Although we were able to achieve some valuable results, such as the
the restoration of Wilhelm Kirsner's papers, thought to have been lost in the chaos of the destruction of Western Europe, the discovery of video recordings of a super-close attack on G by the 160th Artillery Regiment of the Middle East Army in Operation Great Wall (2045), which was thought to have never existed. In the end, we were unable to obtain any information that could resolve the situation. The vast body of testimony we have gathered has been largely assessed as strategically and tactically worthless and has not been included in the databases of the Aratrum or Oratio.

I have no objection to that decision. Naturally, the capacity of databases is limited, and priority should be given to saving value-neutral information. There is no doubt that it is not a testimony video of survivors whose memories are unclear, but a direct record of the monsters.

However, even if these testimonies were "strategically and tactically worthless," they did not seem to me to be completely meaningless. The history of mankind from 1999 to today is an era of struggle with monsters.

It is the age of the monster apocalypse.

I heard the voice of each person who lived in that era.

The chaos of the generation that was born before the monsters, when the appearance of the monsters completely collapsed the worldview they had built upon. Frustration and anger towards mankind for not being able to unite despite being exposed to the threat of the appearance of monsters on a scale that affects all mankind. And with the appearance of a true natural enemy called G, hope vanished.

Despair hit rock bottom and plunged into true terror.

There was much fear, regret, and grief.

But that's not all.

In the midst of a history of fear and despair, defeat and destruction, he had glimmers of hope, triumphs, and achievements. There was friendship that transcended nations, and philanthropy that transcended races.

Overcoming many misunderstandings, we joined hands with people born on different planets, Barusaldo and Exif, and launched the Earth Federation, the first unified nation of the Earth in history. Perhaps, without his efforts, the faint hope of the Oratio and Aratram would not have been possible.

This ambiguous document of his dating back is a chronological summary of the testimony that I was able to hear firsthand. I extracted only the audio part as text from a huge amount of video recordings, and added editing and supplementation as needed. Of course, these are only testimonies based on memory, and some of them date back nearly half a century. Of course, there is no doubt that the testimony contains numerous factual errors, ambiguities, and inaccuracies. Readers are requested to pay sufficient attention to this point. However, even so, from the perspective of someone who actually witnessed the testimony, even if there were some minor errors in the facts they told, the fear, despair, or hope that they spoke of did not go unnoticed.

A faint truth that can't be told in a list of facts and spills from the palm of objectivity.

That is the purpose of this document.

It's been about a month since I was assigned to board the Aratrum and was released from all duties. While I was preparing to board the ship, I began working on this document, but I am not sure if I can say that she has finally taken the first step. The testimony to be compiled is enormous and cannot be completed overnight.

But it's okay. The journey of the Aratrum is long. It is assumed that it will take about 20 years to reach Tau Cetus E. Even if we do manage to get there, we don't know if it's really a habitable planet. The journey could last even longer. My son and I may end our lives inside a steel ship in the absolute vacuum of outer space without him ever seeing the new world. And sooner or later, generations who do not know the earth will carry the history of our earth.

But that's why I want you to take over.

Memories told by people's testimonies, not just records conveyed by numbers and images.

How mankind encounters monsters and G, and is terrified, but continues to fight and lose.

I wonder if it was pre-ordained.

Many of the witnesses we came into contact with later lost their lives in battles with monsters after giving their testimonies.

And many more were forced to remain on Earth. All I can do is tell someone the voices they left behind, the testimony of their lives. I believe that is the only redemption I can make for abandoning my fellow countrymen.

A.S. Year 2048

Chapter 1: Emergence

It was on August 4, 1999 in New York State, USA, that monsters appeared for the first time in front of mankind. On this day, humans, who had used science and technology as weapons to control the land, sea, and sky, and even the bottom of the sea and space, were once again faced with the threat of nature known as monsters.

Why did the monsters suddenly appear? The hypothesis that biological phenomena occur due to rapid changes in the global environment due to repeated nuclear tests and destruction of nature is still a valid hypothesis, but I will not go into details here (Note 1).

In any case, the people of the generation born before the monsters will be thrusted into chaos due to the decisive paradigm shift of the monster's appearance. This chapter collects the voices of people who were born during the heyday of humankind, who encountered completely unknown creatures called monsters, and who were forced to live in a new era.

But... in a sense, this is a testimony to happy times. For humanity in this era, the mystery was an unknown threat. But it was not an absolute threat. It is true that the world population declined at a rapid rate, and two continents, Africa and Australia, were devastated.

However, the perception of mankind at the time, rather than calling it a threat from monsters, perceived it all as a mistake on the part of mankind itself... brought about by conflicts around the world and the immaturity of anti-monster strategies.

How can there have been this optimistic conviction that if such obstacles can be overcome and the entire human race can unite as one and respond appropriately, humanity will be able to win the battle against monsters tomorrow?

Because...

Even though humans have met monsters, they haven't met him. I hadn't encountered true terror yet.

This is the memory of the era when the destruction of mankind began, and it is also the memory of a happy era.

Ignorant of true despair.

Note 1: For basic information and derivative works, see the official textbook of the Earth Federation Government, Introduction to Monster Biology I.

Kamacuras
May 1999: Manhattan, New York, United States of America
Gordon Castle, Investment Banker (At that time)

Under the thickly clouded sky, the Mana Cone (Note 1) has lush leaves despite the amount of sunshine that is decreasing year by year.

“The aftermath of Operation Great Wall has subsided a little. If nothing goes on like this, we should be able to avoid starving to death like he did last year, “Brazil Autonomous Region No. 2 Plantation Superintendent Gordon Castle said.

His tanned skin and deep, gnarled hands carved into his face symbolize the half-century he has lived with the soil. It's hard to believe he's 88 years old when he straightens his back and gives instructions to his subordinates, the workers and his fleet of drones, in a booming voice without loudspeakers. But what is even more surprising is that, even if he seems like a genuine farmer, half a century ago... the day he fundamentally changed the state of our world... the day the joints of the world fell apart...he was very much a different person with a very different profession.

“I was born in a typical Southern country town. I don't think there's anyone left who still remembers my name. My old man was a former army officer. He boasted that he went on a rampage in Vietnam carrying an M60, and the silver star he received there is a treasure. Upon his return, he took over his family business and became a corn farmer.

I had three older brothers, but I was the only one who didn't look like my father and was weak. When I ran home after being bullied by the neighbor's kids, I was beaten by the manly old man and my older brothers every day. I thought I would definitely leave that loathsome city. At the time, I absolutely regretted being told that I should inherit the farm anyway, but what if I had to choose another job, would I be an auto mechanic, or would I be hired by another ranch or farm? I thought he was sorry for such a future. Now that I think about it, it was a very happy time. That's because I didn't have much anxiety about the future. Luckily, I have a bit of a talent for mathematics, so maybe the old man's tricks worked in a strange way. Even a country boy from the South, could get a scholarship and attend a reasonably prestigious university with a little bit of arrogance and ambition.

I think I encountered economics because there was a connection between numbers, which I had always liked, and the reality of farming.

Why can't the canned corn made by the old man cost $1 per can at Wal-Mart be sold for five dollars? Demand and supply, comparative advantage, maybe there was a distorted sense of superiority. He never listened.

Back then, getting a job on Wall Street meant being successful in life. Even if a person became a civil servant and works for the government, the best salary they could get is $30,000. If it's a job on Wall Street, the starting salary is $70,000 or more, and the bonus is the same amount or more.

Back then, it wasn't just economics students like us who aspired to Wall Street. People who majored in math, physics, or even medicine all went to Wall Street. Quantitive finance, that's what they used to call it; Financial engineering. If it were all true, couldn't we have used the same mathematical brains to design rockets and airplanes, unravel the laws of the universe, and cure intractable diseases. It was more profitable to use it for anything, even dozens of times more. Financial derivatives...Option Swapping... To be honest, even half a century ago, I didn't understand half of what it meant. I don't even want to think about it anymore. What crazy times those were.

Today, the brilliant brains that are used to create weapons to save mankind, plan to feed mankind, and build spaceships to keep mankind alive, and are worth only one share or currency.

Instead, time was spent creating "formulas" that would make a person doomed or become a millionaire just by moving a percentage. God would never allow such a thing. God, all lead to the path of devotion. Give me salvation and blessings.
(As Gordon said so, he tied the holy seal. Gordon started following the teachings of Exif five years ago.)

"I'm sorry, I got off track. It's an old man's bad habit.

At the time, I was a trader in US securities at an investment bank in the World Financial Center. Hundreds of employee desks lined up on a huge floor that could fit a football stadium. And the desks had as many displays as they could fit. Everyone was busy. I too was constantly yelling out orders. I couldn't afford to see the Hudson River flowing by my side.

At the end of the last century, the US market was booming, centered on information technology-related start-up companies, and the domestic stock market continued to rise. I rode that wave successfully, moving numbers from $500 million to $600 million, sometimes

more than $1 billion every day, and making the company profitable. Not to mention him, the company responded to my work with numbers, so my annual income would have exceeded $ 300,000 including bonuses, and I would be promoted to Vice President from that year. I am the success. I believed it without doubt, and I believed that its success would continue for a long time to come.

I remember his congratulatory theory that the progress of IT technology will overcome the ups and downs of the industrial economy and that it will continue to perpetually rise from that time.
What do you think? If it hadn't happened that year, would we have enjoyed an everlasting economic boom? I believe that with the development of information technology, a paradise could have been created where all humans could live without working. I'm sorry. It would be embarrassing if someone asked me about a time when I wasn't even born.

On that day, if I remember correctly, I was working on an emerging mail-order company. I forgot. Anyways, it was the day before the financial results of a company that could be said to be the leading emerging IT-related stock. The market was expected to move sharply the next day, so I tried to cram as much information as possible into my head. I was up late reading through the materials the analyst had gathered. Oh, oh, am I going to face tomorrow with a sleep-deprived head? I hurriedly got up and tried to call a limousine. At that time, if I left work after 8:00 pm and the limousine was rented by the company it would be expensive.

It was still cheaper to pay for a limousine than to be exhausted.

"Hey Gordon, you used to live in Brooklyn"-

Bunkers like us lived in high-rise apartments downtown, near the Hudson River and Manhattan. Living with a view of the river was one of my statuses, but for someone like me, who was born in Texas, living in an apartment full of people from the same industry felt cramped.

"Aye, I used to commute from my house in Brooklyn through the underground tunnel of the East River every day.

"What is it?"

"Richie, who went home first, is stranded, and it seems that the Brooklyn Bridge is also congested because of it."

"What?" I thought. Well then, I have no choice but to go home by subway. What? Didn't you feel any danger? Such a thing was completely unimaginable. For us, the most dangerous things are thieves or traffic accidents. Even if we tried our best to use our imagination, it was World Trade's Center Building bombing in 1998 at most.

"They've been having trouble with transportation all over the place. Okay, something might be wrong with the tunnel, so why don't

you go home today?" they all kept saying. Sometimes when people say that at work, they make you go see a doctor and get a note. They would force me to go see a doctor if I kept working.

"Gordon, you're a little tired, aren't you?"

Partly because it was late at night, the line to New Lot's Avenue was empty. By the time the train crawled under the East River, I was engrossed in the papers I had taken from the company. When I suddenly felt something and looked up, there was a strong black man standing in front of me. I realized it was just me and the guy in the car. This turned out to be a bad idea. Apparently, I had gotten into a vehicle that I should not have gotten onto.

No, don't get me wrong, I was never a racist back then.

Inside, the company there were Africans and Asians. However, if there was only you and a muscular man with a tattoo on his chest stood in front of you in a train car, you'd be scared too. Anyone would feel threatened.

"Oh shit, what an idiot. It can't be helped, it's my fault. I don't care if you take all the money I have, just let you go home with my safety."

Even if it's a monster opponent, do you think it's just a pity for humans? But, back then, only a minority of humans had military training, and there weren't many people like him who acted tough in New York and got stabbed. I didn't. I just slowly raised my hand, tried to get up, and if I'm not good enough to find my wallet and put my hand in my pocket, I don't know what kind of misunderstanding they'll make -

"Hey, Mr." It came to him with a bang.

All of a sudden, he and I were blown backwards. A terrible sound hit us. I think I saw sparks flying in the darkness outside the window. After a while, I understood that the subway had suddenly applied the brakes.

"Hey, mister, are you injured?" The man asked.

What, I thought that this guy might be a pretty good guy after all.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I don't know. We must have hit an elephant." His joke was actually surprisingly close to the point. It was more like an elephant had bounced against us.

"Hey, what happened?"

While I was doing that, a police officer patrolling from the car behind me came. A big belly that seems to eat 20 donuts every day.

"It seems that something happened in the front"

"What is it?"

"I don't know"

It was crazy though.

What silenced such a stupid exchange was the loud sound that resounded from the front. The sound of breaking glass, the sound of

metal crunching, and some... I don't know what it was, but a high-pitched, unfamiliar cry…Then people screamed.

"H-help me, help me"

While saying that, a man in bright red clothes rushed in from the vehicle ahead. No, he wasn't wearing red clothes; he was covered in blood. If I remember correctly, he had no left arm. Just a young, typical New York thug. He rushed in with a twitching face, lost his balance and fell.

"Damn mantis, big mantis, shit, you killed me, we need to get out of here!" I think I saw something terrifying. Refusing our help and pushing us back, he ran away to the vehicle behind him while holding the base of his left arm. What did you see? I would soon know firsthand.

The through door of the subway was cut open.

A huge sickle pierced through.

It appeared.

A triangular head with big yellow eyeballs poked out.

There was a shrill metallic sound, and the inside of the car resounded. A huge, unbelievable praying mantis that could fit a train. It was struggling to get through the passage or to us. Blood was dripping from the scythes on his arms, which seemed to be two meters tall. I'm sure all the people in the front of this train must have been killed by this creature. I was paralyzed with fear and amazement.

"What are you doing policeman, shoot it!"

The black man was the first to come to his senses, and the policeman fired his gun at his command.

But as you know, it was pointless. Can you kill an elephant with a pea bullet from a pistol? Sparks scattered all over his body, and the mantis started swinging its scythe around like crazy. But he's the only one. We pissed off a dangerous monster and made it even more dangerous. Oh god. The handrails and other things in the car were torn apart at random and strewn around. I think it was probably because it cut the electrical system or something, and at that moment the doors inside the car opened all at once.

"Hey, this way!"

"Oh, hey, wait." I followed.

I didn't want to be locked up in a subway car, trapped with such a monster, and I thought the others just wanted to escape. But I was wrong. The other two guys were "heroes". Almost as soon as we jumped out, the monster exited the car, pushing forward.

The police officer once more opened fire on the monster.

"You idiot, he's going to see you!"

When I screamed involuntarily, the black man yelled back at me. "You're an idiot! What happens if he goes to the car behind you!"

That's right! You're the idiot! Come on, man!"

Oh, come on. Yes. They were going to use themselves as bait to lure the monster out of the car. Well, I can see the logic. Even though it was late at night, there were a lot of people in the back of the car.

What would happen if this monster jumped into the car? That would be a big problem. But since when did New York become a city where superheroes like that live? I can understand a cop. But the other one was a mugger who was trying to rob me. Anyway, I had joined the ranks of two heroes.

Here it comes! - Run! Don't leave me!

I ran like hell. I was in an unlit subway yard, but I knew he was coming after me.

I could hear the sound of his wings rustling. I heard the rustling of wings. A metallic squeak. Maybe he was running in the dark.

It may have been a bad place. Or maybe he had a pistol in his eye or something. He ran all over the campus and didn't catch up quickly. But that's just a matter of time. I was already out of breath. Naturally. I'm a Wall Street trader. I haven't received any training to sprint on the subway. I tripped and fell. "Hey, hold on!" The black man immediately lifted me up, but then I felt something small run across my face. It's a rat. We weren't the only ones running away. The rats in the subway premises were also escaping from the monsters. And many of them turned a dark corner.

"Oh, hey! There's a side corridor over there! Let's get through it!" I've fulfilled my role as a decoy enough, now all I had to do is get away.

But it turned out to be a big failure. The side street was wide enough for the mantis monster to pass through, and it followed us relentlessly. Moreover, there was a dead end of a warehouse that was used as a material storage place beyond that, so it was useless. We were mouses in a bag getting ready to be eaten by a cat. The two heroes frantically closed the door and began to build a barricade, but it was clear that such a thing would not last long.

Oh my god, this is all my fault. Think. Think. Why did you go to college in the first place? At times like this, in Hollywood movies, the smart one, who has been a hindrance until then, will come up with a solution. Think, think! When the mantis started banging on the door, I shouted out the line from the movie.

"Listen, I have an idea!"

At one, two, three, the policeman and the black man boldly opened the door. He jumped right in and he came. I was in front of that line of sight. It jumped at me. I desperately avoided it. His scythe missed and cut through behind us just as I intended. He flinched. I took

advantage of that moment and ran away. I desperately made my way to the entrance while my vision turned completely white. The door was closed from the outside and bolted. The three of us desperately held the door down. After a while, I realized that the mantis wouldn't move anymore.

"- what did you find?"

A steam pipe. There are pipes running all over New York City to heat the city. Occasionally, hot steam leaks out of the old pipes and causes an explosion, but... in other words, it was done on purpose. With his proud sickle, he cut a hole in the pipe through which hot steam flowed, and poured it on him. It was suck and he was steamed with alive by high-heat. It was a clever way of doing him in.

A great happy ending. We wanted to be heroes and headed for the surface. After all, just the three of us defeated that monster.

As we walked, we discovered each other's identities. They were surprised to learn that I was a Wall Street trader. "I'm a Cop …"said John. "I thought bankers were just people who took money from the poor by falsifying numbers." I felt the same way. Knowledge, after all, is what humans use to live. It's not something that makes people sick by creating obscure bonds.

One misunderstanding was also cleared. The black man was an active-duty U.S. Army captain. He was also member of the Special Forces, and even fought in Somalia. He's a real hero. It seemed that while I was engrossed in reading the materials, I was targeted by some thugs. Look, it seems that he was the man who ran away from the car in front of me. And then the one who protected me and drove them away was him. His name was Daniel...

And so we were back on Earth, back to Manhattan Island. It's the return of the heroes who saved New York."

"And then you witnessed it."

"Ahhh...Ahhh....

How can that happen?

I can't believe there is such a thing could happen.

From that moment on, the world would be decided. "

"Are you okay? If you don't want to remember, don't force yourself."

"No, let me tell you. Having lost my family, I have nothing left but words. Leaning on Daniel's shoulder, I rose to the ground. We were in

Battery Park. Survival from hell. That was his intention. But what I saw there was the real hell. Hell was on earth.

Manhattan, New York skyscrapers were in flames. I realized

The monster I...we killed was probably just one of the many, and it was just a kid.

It was between the World Trade Center buildings.

A parent of the monster that we desperately defeated. A huge mantis monster that seemed so big that the monster I met on the subway seemed miniscule. This was another giant praying mantis, maybe 60 meters tall... No, not a mantis, a monster. It swung its sickle. The west wing of the World Trade Center building slowly slid down. Immediately after, there was a roaring sound, a blast, and a cloud of dust that surged like a tsunami... (Note 2).

Note 1: Genetically improved grain brought about by Bilusaludo's technology, boasting high productivity, durability, and nutritional value. Since the 2020s, in order to resolve the worsening food production situation, the governments of various countries have been promoting restrictions on agricultural production varieties and improving efficiency, but since the establishment of the Earth Federation in 2004, even stronger controls have been implemented. Food production was concentrated on plantations, and the agricultural products produced there were also narrowed down to one highly genetically modified species.

Note 2: The first "monster" that mankind witnessed was later named Kamacuras. In New York, southwest of Manhattan Island, they suddenly emerged from the waters of Upper Bay, moving northeast direction while trampling the surroundings. Seventy-two hours after landing, in Portsmouth near Boston, until the United States Air Force's B-2 bomber was repulsed by a laser-guided underground penetrating bomb "Bunker Buster", it traveled a distance of 330 kilometers in a straight line. It was completely destroyed, and more than 2.5 million people were killed or injured in the ordeal.

Dogora
September 2002, United Kingdom, London,
Mark Leland, Intelligence Officer (At that time)

Mark Leland, is an adviser to the Joint Defense Intelligence Agency, an intelligence agency under the direct control of the Earth Federation government and is a former British Intelligence Service Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) agent. He spent most of his life in the world of espionage and continued to do so until the age of 70, when his hair turned white.

"I'm sorry for making you wait. Earlier, my men brought me a story about a wicked scheme that was about to be carried out on our Ark."

He apologized when he met me in the office. As a matter of course, there were many opponents of the immigration plan to extraterrestrial planets, and not just a few of them resorted to hardline measures. From those who want to concentrate the resources used in this project on the anti-monster war, to those who try to kill those who have permission to board the ship in order to snatch the few tickets to escape from the earth...

Mark is still fighting on the front lines against such terrorism and conspiracies. His face is carved with deep wrinkles that show how harsh the battlefield of intelligence between humans was.

Even so, his eyes are still as sharp as those of a young man, and the humor that seems to come from England can be seen in every part of his conversation.

"I have been asked countless times. 'Why, even in the face of the global crisis caused by the appearance of monsters, couldn't we unite humanity?`

Contact with monsters began when Kamacuras appeared in 1999, and then that God of Destruction appeared in 2030... Yet, we had to wait until 2039 for the Earth Federation, the first unified government of mankind, to be created. Besides, rather than mankind's own efforts, the shock of meeting aliens called Exif and Bilusaludo was also a big part of this occurrence. It can even be said that the appearance of monsters, including the stupid Indo-Pakistani War, intensified conflicts between human beings. Indeed, when a monster first appeared in front of mankind, the President of the United States made one of his speeches, and the world's human race united to confront the monsters. Maybe we

could have had a slightly different history. Or the monsters may have been astonished and left the stage of this earth.

But... when it came to the Dogora attack in September 2002, many people didn't believe it. To think that monsters would appear again... I can say I didn't want to believe it. The arrival of a monster in 1999 was an unprecedented event... Yes, it was both unpredicted and unprecedented, and the second monster after Kamacuras...everything was different from the last time.

But the generation of these poor old men did all they could do to deal with the Kamacuras. The destruction of New York, which was the center of the world economy, brought about a serious economic crisis worthy of being called a depression, and at the same time caused global political instability. We just had to respond to it, there was no time to think about "next". Human beings have the wonderful ability to not think about things that "just think about it and he's overwhelmed". So without him, how could you possibly have a morning toast at a time when two superpowers were glaring at each other with enough nukes to destroy the earth dozens of times? Now. And while we were making toast and cracking the shells of boiled eggs every morning, 2002 came.

I didn't want to think that a monster would appear. Of course, I thought so. Do you criticize it for lack of faith? Negligence, optimism. For generations, like you who were born after me, the appearance of monsters has become a daily routine.

You've already seen the video footage about Dogora, right? Horrible. It's still unclear what the monster was. Except for him, it's probably the most mysterious monster. First-hand witnesses all said that an amorphous, translucent, oozy entity resembling a flying jellyfish suddenly appeared in the foggy London skies. It reached out their hands invisible from the sky, grabbed London Bridge, smashed the clock tower, and preyed on many British citizens alive... Thankfully, Her Majesty was abroad at the time.

The army, which had been standing still since the skies of the capital had been occupied, finally launched an attack three hours after its appearance. But inexplicably, it seems that Dogora was angered instead. The damage spread not only to London but also to Manchester. It seemed to multiply and expand by absorbing the thermal energy of explosives? It seemed impossible. However, if there is such a thing as "impossible" about monsters, I would like you to tell me. Either way, if you want to hear about that monster like it was in some panic horror movie, you'd better ask someone else. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend the crisis of my homeland at that time. I came back to England only after it was all over and they told me.

If you don't mind, then let's continue the old man's story.

At the time, I was in Cyprus to unravel the smuggling route of conflict diamonds from Sierra Leone (Note 2).

After the end of the Cold War, some cash-strapped armed groups in Africa occupied diamond mines and used them as a source of funding for their activities. That was the Revolutionary United Front in Sierra Leone. Seeing this as a problem, the United Nations Security Council banned diamond trading with the country, but criminal organizations began to engage in unregulated diamond trading instead of doing business with legitimate traders.

In 2002, the financial crisis triggered by the crash of U.S. stocks caused by the emergence of Kamacuras in 1999 increased the demand for physical assets such as gold. Gemstones such as diamonds also increased in demand.

It was a time when trade was booming, and there was a fair amount of 'dirty' diamonds pouring into Britain...a very idyllic idea in retrospect. What kind of value did you think would remain in a stone that was only beautiful in the ruins where the earth's human population would be reduced to one tenth? I infiltrated Cyprus under the false identity of a British jeweler and tried to contact a local Russian broker. However, a colleague in the organization in question... a Russian intelligence agent, has already entered the organization as a mole. "I'm free to do business, but I don't mind destroying my homeland. If you want me to acquiesce, give me a share." I am amazed at the honesty of his country. Our homeland is a little more secretive than his. It's a small industry, after all. His identity was exposed and he died, and I was forced to build another contact route or make some sort of deal with the same trader. I wondered if I should just go on vacation if it was such a stalemate. The beaches of Cyprus are so charming.

It was that night that it fell. A red fireball ran across the night sky, and the earth shook. The falling point is not far from the capital, Nicosia, at 5 km. At first, we thought it was a meteorite, but as a result of inquiring to his home country, he received a reply that it was an artificial satellite believed to belong to Russia. It seems to be part of the Mir Space Station. A few days ago it suddenly went out of orbit, skimmed over England and landed in Cyprus. Of course, this is a historical curiosity from the time before the arrival of the Exif, the Bilusaludo or their technology were commonplace. At that time, artificial satellites would burn up in an instant if they entered the atmosphere. It should never have fallen to the ground.

I was asked if I really felt the vibration. Depending on the situation, I might be ordered to investigate, so I had to be prepared for regular contact tomorrow. In fact, I never got through to the regular contact the next day. On that day, at dawn, a monster appeared in

London... Dogora. In fact, I could understand the seriousness of the situation just by sitting on the sofa and staring blankly at my TV from Cyprus. You've probably seen it on video recordings too.

A video of a newscaster from the British Broadcasting Corporation being caught by Dogora's tentacles and being hoisted into the sky, "Ladies and gentlemen, it seems we've always been like her. Goodbye. Goodbye. God save England and His Majesty."

Indeed, if you have that much patriotism, it would have been nice if you could have done a little more to criticize the government. Well, what happened to me? I could have watched this amazing movie unfold with popcorn in hand, but there was something that bothered me a little. It was the falling satellite."

Was it entirely voluntary, and not mandated by the British, that you initiated the investigation?

"Yeah. Even so. Any stupid dog would jump into a river without being commanded to see his master drowning. As long as I get a high salary from my home country, I can work more than other dogs.

In fact, we have several routes to prepare for such a situation. Our first recourse was to our allies in the United States. According to it, the Mir was originally scheduled to cease operation in 2001 and be scrapped after re-entering the atmosphere, but for some reason it was decided to continue operation until 2003. However, the mission that was being carried out there was said to be undisclosed, and there was a high possibility that some kind of military research was being conducted there. The secret is the appearance of a monster the day after something falls. Isn't it strange to doubt the relevance?

-Is that your intuition as an agent?

Now. Unexpectedly, it may have become a little strange. I don't mean to say that my actions at that time were perfectly logical. Is there anything you can do yourself? The young me who thought that way must have been obsessed with a nonexistent delusion and forcibly deduced the relevance. Because the moment when you think you're a 221B detective (Note 3) comes to everyone. Anyway, there's only one reason. A Russian satellite fell the day before a monster appeared in London. In the end, that was the only thing that connected the two.

Complicating matters, Cyprus and the Russian government have deep ties and frequently conduct joint exercises. Perhaps because of this, the satellite that fell down was recovered quickly, and there was

also information that an An-124 of the Russian Air Force had taken off to transport her. Although I tried to go to the falling point of the satellite, It was already closed off by the Cypriot army and it seemed impossible to get close. All I could do was watch with my fingers as what appeared to be a satellite wreck was being hoisted by three helicopters and carried to an air force base. So I'm sorry, but I wouldn't want to be expected to act like James Bond (Note 4), breaking through security nets alone.

In reality, the spy's action was much more humble and modest: to bribe the local commanding officer. I knew a soldier who was already involved in diamond smuggling, so I used that route. However, it is certain that I was in a hurry to obtain information and lacked caution. It was too easy to find a connection with someone who seemed to be related, and I didn't even try to doubt it. When I went to the designated tavern on the outskirts of the town, a person with a familiar face was waiting for me. Yes, it's the same company in question. A woman who was supposed to have been infiltrated into a smuggling organization with the title of secretary of a jewelry broker was waiting for me. Knowing she was trapped, I made up my mind. But she, Tatiana, said to me ,`You're looking for that thing that fell from the sky, aren't you? Hurry up. Apparently Tatiana knew my purpose too.

"Why did she lend you a hand?"

`Such a monster is rampaging in Europe and this we're not all working together? ` she said.

That's right. It took a long time for the nations to join hands. However, there were a number of exceptions in the case of individuals. That's right.

Under her guidance, I disguised myself as a Russian soldier and began investigating the fallen satellite. The girl who fell was in one of Mir's modules, apparently conducting experiments on animal ecology in outer space. However, the case that was supposed to contain the animals was all damaged and empty inside. Instead, there were vivid blood stains inside the messed-up module. I had a flashback in my mind of what I saw on TV of London, where translucent tentacles stretched out from the sky and preyed on people as he crawled away. Without a doubt, the same thing must have gone wild here.

I've heard urban legends about creatures called space critters, atmospheric beasts, or cosmic fireflies. It is the story of a mysterious creature that lives far above on the boundary between the Earth's atmospheric layer and outer space. At the time, I thought it was just a hoax, but maybe Dogora, who attacked London, was one of those space monsters.

I don't know what Russia was thinking. Did Mir's operation be extended because he succeeded in capturing Dogora, who lived in outer space? .... (Note 5). In any case, the three astronauts on board were heroes, according to his insider view. They deliberately let Mir enter the Earth's atmosphere. They thought they would destroy dangerous space creatures with the heat of atmospheric reentry.

However, they were amazing space creatures... Dogora endured the high heat of re-entry into the atmosphere. Maybe even the heat itself made it grow. But what can be said with certainty is that Dogora eventually protected the space station's modules from the heat of re-entry. And for that, he's the one who gave us the silver bullet.

Hornets. In the remaining module, the lone returnees from space flitted around noisily. Those who fought Dogora and probably won. It was a hornet.

I immediately contacted my home country and hurried to return to Japan myself. I wasn't sure if my home country understood my message correctly. In the worst case, I was going to fight his Dogora alone. If that's what you need, it can't be helped. There is no other choice but to be James Bond.

Two days later, I was returned to London by helicopter arranged by a US company. Fortunately, my worries were groundless. Dogora's active ingredients were identified from hornet venom and quickly mass-produced in chemical plants across the UK and the EU. The second chemical produced was dispersed into the air aboard military aircraft of the Royal Air Force, as well as those of the United States and EU countries in response to requests for assistance.

When I arrived in London, I saw our British Tornado IDS attack aircraft and the United States 's F-15 fighter ejecting a chemical mist.

When the immortal Dogora touched the fog, it turned into crystals like snow and rained down on London. Soldiers, police, and evacuators

The troubled citizens cheered. "Hurray, hurray, hurray England!" From somewhere, the voice of "God, protect Her Majesty the Queen" rang out, and eventually it spread among the people. As if the cynic British citizens had become brainless American children.

…Hearing the resounding singing voice, I could not bring myself to join it. I couldn't believe this was a victory. For my beloved London, the heart of the British Empire, had been utterly destroyed. Dogora was defeated. But by then, two historic cities, London and Chester, had been lost, and even more citizens had died... (Note 6). And that it made clear was that this wasn't the end of the monsters. I thought this was the beginning, not the end. Kamacuras wasn't the last monster to appear in the United States. If that's the case, no one but the most stupid of them

would think that the second appearance in the British Empire was the last.

Perhaps the 21st century will be a history of fighting monsters for mankind. Yes, we were thrown into an era of endless World Monster Wars.

In London, where shining crystals rain down endlessly, I thought so and trembled with fear welling up. I instinctively held the hand of Tatiana, who had come from Cyprus, who was by my side."

(Mark looks at a photo by his desk, showing himself in his youth with his wife, Tiana Romanova.)

"Only three days later, the third monster in human history, Kameobas appeared in the Philippines."

Note 1: The Cold War was an economic conflict between the United States and Soviet Union from 1945 until the collapse of the USSR in the 1990s. Note 2: At that time, natural products were traded at high prices as ornaments, apart from artificial products for industrial use. Note 3: Sherlock Holmes is the famous detective created by British writer Conan Doyle. Note 4: The protagonist of the 4th movie "007" series. A spy affiliated with MI:6, often a rogue agent. Note 5: The Russian and Siberian governments have not issued any official statements on this matter.

Note 6: The number of casualties due to the appearance of Dogora is estimated to be over 3.9 million.

Hedorah
November 2005, People's Republic of China: Hebei Province
Yang Hongchie, County Communist Party Committee Secretary (at that time)

Starting with the May 1999 attack on New York by the Kamacuras, the world has been threatened by a series of mysterious super-giant creature monsters. Many of them were repulsed by the military power of each country, but there were more than a few examples of extraordinary collateral damage.
Bit by bit the 4th Indo-Pakistani War, the first nuclear war ever experienced by humankind, broke out due to Pakistan's use of nuclear weapons near the Indian border. However, it is now clear that this was done for the purpose of exterminating the monster that appeared in the area. This "worst tragedy in a war between mankind" that burned the land and people of both countries was brought about by monsters.
In November 2005, the People's Republic of China carried out a monster annihilation operation using biological and chemical weapons in Hebei Province. The People's Liberation Army of China attempted to intercept two monsters that appeared one after another in the northeastern and southwestern parts of China near Beijing, the capital, and the Great Wall of China in the north. Although the two monsters were successfully exterminated, the biological and chemical weapons used flowed from Beijing into Tianjin. caused enormous damage. The estimated number of casualties is 8.2 million, but this is the Chinese government at the time so there is also a theory that the number of deaths alone is two to three times this figure.
Page 50:

What exactly was the biological weapon "Hedorah" that caused such damage? From the beginning of the operation, the Chinese government has refused to release information on this matter, and now that the People's Republic of China has disappeared, all is lost. A former member of the Chinese Communist Party, Yang Kotetsu, is said to be the person who knows part of the truth about Hedorah. Yang Hongchie

In 2006, the deputy director of this research institute and the de facto research leader was chosen by Yang Hongchie, who had defected to the United States with confidential documents from the Hedorah operation (Note 1). Yang provided excellent leadership in his plan to revive Hedorah, but in 2045, it was revealed that Yang's research contained extensive fabrications and alterations. Just before his arrest, Yang blew up the laboratory, destroying almost all research materials

and data related to Hedorah. Yang tried to commit suicide on the spot, but was apprehended by the military police. In the ensuing commission of inquiry and military tribunal, Yang remained silent and was sentenced to death for "crimes against the survival of mankind."

In 2042 as a trump card in the fight against the monsters, the Earth Alliance using the biochemical weapon "Hedorah" started research for reproduction. The mystery of Hedorah is of great interest to us, the General Intelligence Department, and we have been trying to interview Yang since early on (Note 2). However, in an interview with Yang, who was imprisoned in the United Supreme Prison, he remained silent.
Page 51:

His silence on several occasions forced him to abandon his investigation (Note 3). I received an offer from Yang himself to cooperate with the investigation.
It was a month after the “Immigration Plan” was officially launched. I want only one listener. Asian is preferred. Time will be one hour. Disclosure will be made after execution of the sentence. That was the condition Yang offered.
The visiting room of the Earth Federation Supreme Prison. The petite, white-haired, white-bearded Yang looked more like a hermit from Chinese legend than a scientist. Yang said to me, who was facing Yang through the tempered glass.

> Yang: I'm pretty sure you are Japanese.
> This was actually the third time I had met Yang. He remembered

me when I visited Yang as an assistant to a senior investigator.

“When I was a teenager, I accompanied my father when he visited your country on business. It was a lovely country. Everything was diligent, clean, and well-maintained... Above all, civilization, tradition, and nature were in perfect harmony. I remember being confused until the very end about whether to study abroad in Germany or Japan. However, you have abandoned that beautiful land... even Mt. Fuji.”
This was my first time hearing his voice. A voice that makes you feel deep and calm like a siren, which you can't imagine from a small body. It was hard to believe that this was research that was covered in fabrications, and that it was the voice of a traitor who had "defrauded mankind”.

“Why did monsters appear? Because humans have changed the global environment. Environmental destruction, foolish nuclear testing, mankind changed this planet by itself and he got stuck. A planet for monsters. Polluting the environment to fight monsters is a mistake. The more you hurt the earth, the more powerful monsters will appear. Kamacuras, Dogora, and... I don't know why.

(Yang takes a moment to catch his breath, and then speaks again.)

“We don’t have much time. Let's get the questioning over with...”
`Why did you, who stubbornly refused to testify, suddenly respond

to the investigation?`
As I ask questions, I feel that I am being tested. “I’m doing this due to the initiation of an immigration plan to So maybe humans have finally figured it out. Therefore, humans should no longer harbor foolish hopes to resurrect Hedorah. My purpose has been completed. That's it.”

I still have this thought. Yang never deceived mankind for money or fame. This old sage had his own beliefs.

“Please tell me. Why did you try to sabotage the Hedorah revival plan? What was Hedorah?”

“First, let me get you acquainted with some information from my past. In 1999, when monsters first appeared in the world, I was in the Pollution Control Department of the Ministry of Environmental Protection of the People’s Republic of China. In retrospect, the name “Environmental Protection” is disgusting. What we actually did was the opposite. In my homeland, which is developing at a rapid pace, instead of stopping environmental pollution, we furthered it.

it was my job to force the farmers who had lived with the soil in the surrounding area for generations to relocate so that I could destroy nature as much as possible and get new resources.

But……at that time, I thought it was a necessary evil. Modernization and industrialization are accompanied by a small amount of environmental damage. I thought it was the same with Western countries and your Japan.

As you know, China's modernization was a series of hardships. Throughout its history, our country has always been the center of the Chinese world. Because it has always been on the cutting edge, it has never once experienced the study of civilization. That's the difference from your country. You imported Chinese characters, the Ritsuryo system, and a great deal of technology and culture from Japan, which was once an "advanced country." If China had become an "underdeveloped country," it would have been better to find a new China called the West. This was not the case in our country. Importing and learning civilization was a tremendously difficult task.

Uyoki Yokusetsu - Opium War Civil War. An abominable war with your country. The Cultural Revolution and the Tiananmen Incident. After going through so many twists and turns, it was at the end of the 20th century that Japan finally embarked on the road to modernization. At the time, what I—or rather, the leaders of China, including myself—was thinking was how we could catch up. Environmental protection and human rights are nothing more than themes of the rich. The first is to enrich the country. That's all there is to it. Even if the sky and land become a little polluted, and even if a few people are deprived of their homeland, in the end it will bring happiness to the motherland. I sincerely believed that.

I knew my motherland has the power to swallow both the pure and the dirty, which the Western nations, which are bound by empty titles, do not have.

I was even proud of my work. I was not trying to cover up the pollution or deceive the people who live there. I even thought that I was actually making them happy because we were giving the farmers proper compensation and giving them the right to live in urban areas in exchange for letting go of their barren and remote fields. How stupid I was...

So...that's why I jumped at that thing.

What such thing?

It must have been decided. Hedorah. As a biological weapon. Is

that what it is? So what is it?...

(Yang's words trembled. It was an indescribable mixture of anger, regret, fear, and sorrow.)

"I'm sorry. I'm distraught The catalyst was a strange phenomenon that was confirmed near an abandoned mine in Hebei Province. It is said that fish have

returned to the river that should have been contaminated by mining operations. We were surprised when we went there. The river, which should have been pale and muddy, regained its original clear flow. ammonium nitrite and cadmium had also completely disappeared. We wondered what happened to the contaminants.

"I do not understand."
"Eaten by Hedorah."
"Eaten? Was Hedorah a living thing?"

(He didn't answer my question, Yang continues)

"Instead of cleaning up the entire area, a high concentration of pollutants was found in an underground lake that formed inside an abandoned mine. Mercury, cobalt, cadmium lead, sulfuric acid, oxidants...it was something like a sludge swamp. The concentrations were dangerously high and inaccessible without protective equipment. Of course, it is not a natural phenomenon. We investigated the sludge and found out why, it was because of Hedorah;
A collection of microorganisms that feed on chemical substances in water. That was the true identity of sludge. We rejoiced and he did. I foolishly thought that this would solve China's environmental problems. No matter how much contaminant is spilled, it will be no problem as long as it is eaten by these microbes. No, even radioactive substances…

So you got involved in researching that creature?
"No. The fact that I was engaged in research on Hedorah in China is a total lie. The materials I brought with me when I defected were genuine, so the United States was easily deceived. Actually, The abandoned mine was quickly shut down by the General Armament Department of the PLA and the microbes carried away.

The commander said, `Comrade Yang, your discovery is highly appreciated by the Party. This microbe will play a decisive role in making the 21st century China's century. But, therefore, its existence must be kept secret until the time to come.`

After that, I was selected as the committee secretary of the prefecture that had the abandoned mine in question (Note 4). He was entrusted with the reconstruction of the area where pollutants had been removed. I was still in my thirties at the time, so he said it was an unusual selection. It is no longer a dream to eventually be elected to the Central Committee (Note 5). The central executive said that you made a

suitable discovery. At that time, I believed his words and was innocently happy.

Anyway, in the years since then, I have been involved in the reconstruction of the devastated prefecture. Those were the days when I was made keenly aware of my own stupidity. Even if pollutants were removed, tremendous efforts were still required to improve the devastated fields and revitalize the degraded soil. Still, the people worked hard. If you think that your land has been unilaterally taken away by order of the party, you are told to return again this time. Despite such an unreasonable order. I know For the peasants, the land was a part of their lives. I was thinking that we should pay compensation for the contaminated land and move it. How shallow it was! Those six years, when I worked with the farmers, were the best times of my life. However, it all fell apart in 2005. It was a total waste. The purpose was probably to relegate, silence, and monitor."

Operation Hedorah took place in a province you oversaw.

"I don't know why my prefecture was chosen. Was it really just a coincidence, or was there some other reason... did you intend to show it to me, the one who discovered it...?

Anyway, everything was too sudden.

`Comrade Yang, please evacuate all the citizens of the prefecture as soon as possible.

Two quadrupedal monsters that emerged from the frozen ground of Siberia are approaching Beijing, and it is believed that their travel routes overlap in the vicinity of this prefecture. The People's Liberation Army will use this county as the final line of defense to deploy a blockade operation."

The political commissar who ordered that was the man I once met when I handed over that microbe. At that point he might have realized something. However, I was preoccupied with evacuating residents. Anyway, more than 200,000 residents had to be evacuated. As much as he could, he scraped together a fleet of buses for piston transport, but it wasn't enough. The healthy men put only his wife and children on his bus and tried to evacuate themselves on foot. As a result, there must have been many families who ended up saying goodbye to him. ancestor

In fact, there is evidence that two monsters... Rodan and Anguirus were lured to Hebei Province by the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Unofficially, the North Korean People's Army and the Russian military also cooperated, he said.

Perhaps the Central Military Commission was trying to

demonstrate something. By accomplishing the feat of killing two monsters at once, he intended to make it a demonstration. That's stupid....With the advent of monsters, humans at that time could not understand that the time for nations to fight each other was over.

And as the discoverer of that thing, I may have been considered qualified to participate in the last seat of such a demonstration.

There was still a prospect for the residents to evacuate, and instead the People's Army deployed near the Great Wall of China. But he soon realized that something was wrong. It is said that the monster will be intercepted here, but even if it is a combat vehicle, he is an armored vehicle at most. All soldiers wore chemical protection suits. As if dealing with poison gas or something.

I questioned the political commissar, "What on earth are you going to do?"

He told me "Comrade Yang, it's time for your discovery to prove its worth," he said. "Even monsters are living creatures. Hedorah will kill them".

That was the first time I heard the word Hedorah. However, I instantly understood what it meant. The party is trying to kill the monster with that microbe, even the contaminants that the microbe has accumulated. However, this means that the prefecture will be sprayed with poisonous substances enough to kill monsters. As a representative of the prefecture, such a thing was completely unacceptable to him. I desperately appealed to stop the operation. Of course, there's no way he'll be heard. However, he was the one who strongly opposed me, and I was arrested on suspicion of resistance and treason and sent to the rear of the convoy.

As a result, my life was spared.

(Yang's hand begins to tremble again, perhaps remembering what happened at that time. Nevertheless, he speaks again, as if he had made up his mind.)

The party must have had some kind of plan to manage and control Hedorah... but that's stupid. There is no way a person can control a monster. A monster, a monster.

Hedorah is not the name of a biological weapon. Microorganisms that eat harmful substances, if he says such things exist, they are nothing less than monsters beyond human comprehension. It's not a bioweapon, it's not a microbe.

We foolishly grew it ourselves. It's a huge black tornado he was like. It was moving at a furious pace, sending out a black, rotten mist.

The armored car carrying me was blown up by the gust and fell down a cliff. Ironically, I was the only one who survived as he was restrained by the sturdy rear. I crawled out and saw. The black fog is polluting the earth and the sky, destroying the sky and the fields. I could certainly see a gigantic monster dancing in the darkened sky, a four-legged beast running across the sludge-swept earth, and something in the black tornado. The third form is uncertain. something like a ghost. Huge, red and yellow eyes. big big eyes. Will the bio-chemical weapon strangle the monster? Will the micro-organisms gouge out the monster's eyes or tear it apart?

It turned the road south. Beyond that... was Beijing, where I had evacuated the residents... and.
You know the history of China after that.
“The capital, Beijing, was destroyed overnight. The Central People's Government moved the capital to Shanghai, but it was unable to recover the control that had been lost during the gap of several months. Fighting gradually increased in intensity, eventually leading to the use of nuclear weapons within the country. Moreover, it invites the appearance of a new monster...”

Yang interjected, “Currently, the number of survivors in the former Chinese territory is estimated to be less than 10 million. Right?”

“--yes.”
“It was originally 1 billion.”
(Tears run down Yang's cheeks. He can't answer.)
That's all I've said. It goes without saying why I interfered with Hedorah's research. I knew it. Monsters will continue to appear. If that happens, someone will definitely appear who will try to revive Hedorah. It is probably. Destroying itself from escaping. He hoarded appearances, but that doesn't mean Hedorah is completely dead. Or it cannot be said with certainty that the same kind of creature will not appear somewhere. I must never make the same mistake again. I swore that.

“So you pretended to be a researcher of Operation Hedorah, pretending you were researching Hedorah, and continued to sabotage it.”

That's right. It is better to interfere from within than from outside. It would be easy. But... my role is over. Hedorah's laboratories have been

closed. No one dabbles in the study of demons anymore. The planet Earth was saved.

"However, the human race is now on the brink of extinction."

Until the "Throne when just now I was frightened by the threat of carnivorous beasts. it is not death. Even if you handed over the status of ruler of the planet to a monster, as long as the earth is safe, you can coexist with them."

"There must be a way to go. Or he may one day return to the throne as ruler. Get a richer civilization than now. However, if the earth becomes a dead planet with nuclear weapons and biological and chemical weapons, even that will not be possible. That alone, had to be stopped at all costs.

That's the only redemption I can make for easily relying on Hedorah's power. "

(I couldn't say a word. Before long, the alarm went off announcing the end of the investigation.)

"That's all for now.
I have no fear of being punished. I even want it. For atonement.
However, it is not a crime of interfering with Hedorah's research that I am guilty of. It is for the crime of ruining the motherland, the great China. I was going to save my country, but looked what happened.

I believed that it would benefit my country.

If only discover such things to help us.

I...

I "(note 6).

Note 1: However, according to one theory, right after his exile, Yang began researching Hedorah with the support of the United States. There is also a view that it was just made public. Note 2: An interview with Yang was conducted once in 2043 regarding Hedorah, but subsequent investigations revealed that many of his statements were false. Note 3: From the beginning of the interrogation, some hardliners from the government, especially the military, demanded that Yang be given truth serum, but Exif, who respects the autonomy of his mind according to his doctrine, strongly resisted. was shelved by

Note 4: County was an administrative division of the Chinese government at that time, located below provinces and districts. County Communist Party Committee Secretary is the de facto top. Note 5: Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. supreme leadership body of the Chinese Communist Party. Note 6: Yang's sentence was executed three months after the conduct of this investigation. The report I submitted to the government based on the investigation was released in full after the execution, as per Yang's condition. Yang's confession is considered a severe slander. However, the details will be left to another section.

Gabara
February 2012, Federative Republic of Brazil, Amazon Rainforest
Alberto Ichiro Santos Student (at that time)

“Some of you may feel guilty about leaving this earth, leaving behind so many of your fellow countrymen. Is it okay for us to abandon many people and survive alone? But no. You didn't abandon us, we put you on your back. I have forced you into an absolute vacuum with the tremendous responsibility of continuing the history of this species of mankind to this day. You never know when your journey will come to an end. Perhaps nothing but emptiness awaits him. But still, I want you to inherit it. The history, culture and civilization that mankind has lived up to today. Let's start class todays lesson.”

Alberto Ichiro Santos, a comprehensive historian and Japanese-Brazilian, teaches history to teenage boys and girls boarding the immigrant ships Oratio and Aratrum at the Earth Allied Military Academy. The knowledge required for the unprecedented project of immigration to an extraterrestrial planet Humanities compared to biology including mathematics, physics, chemistry, engineering and medicine

Too little time is devoted to education, yet Alberto uses it to impart the wisdom of his predecessors to boys and girls. He doesn't treat the students like children, he speaks to them sincerely, sometimes lets them express their opinions, and engages in serious discussions as he proceeds with his lectures. Rather than simply instilling knowledge and an enumeration of events, it seems that he is trying to impart a framework of thought for processing such information. rice field.

Leaving words for future generations... In that sense, he may not have needed to listen to Alberto's story. His words should be firmly rooted in the younger generation of Oratio and Aratrum (as an aside, my son will also be his student).

But I wanted to investigate him because I learned of his strange nickname. Some of his old friends call Alberto by the name "Jane". This is the name of Tarzan's lover, a wild child in Edgar Rice Barrow's novel "Tarzan".

“My Tarzan was a pretty girl, though.” Albert laughs. The one who fell in love with Tarzan...that seems to be the origin of his nickname. Because he likes Tarzan much, he has

been given the nickname “Jane”. He has a thick mustache, but his eyes were like a boy's.
“If you want to hear my gossip, let's talk as much as you want. Here, it's a famous story that everyone already knows. But guess what? In fact, there is no evidence. To me it is undoubtedly true, but it could be some kind of dream or hallucination. Is such an uncertain testimony worth it?

The intelligence forces who ordered me to investigate might say it's pointless. But I believe there are things that can only be conveyed through such uncertain voices. And he thinks he can think about why people would believe in dreams and visions.

That's how I answered his question, but now that I think about it, I think that the word "sermon" was more appropriate for him. Albert nodded at me like that.
That might be right. Even delusions and hallucinations can give us clues about what people wanted and what they feared in the future. And...if you take this story out into space, when the descendants of the Aratrum and Oratio return here hundreds or thousands of years from now, my experience will be true. There is a possibility that it will become clear whether it was.

“All right. Let my fairy tale begin. Where shall I start? My father was a real estate agent who made a fortune in his lifetime. He said that the appearance of monsters would crush the city, but it seemed that it was nothing more than a business opportunity for him. Because he is that kind of person, he crossed many dangerous bridges to buy resentment, and it seems that he also had connections with the underworld. That's why my family couldn't walk anywhere without a bodyguard since I can remember. Naturally, her mother, fearful and disgusted by such an environment, quickly forced her sons and daughters to flee the country to follow her. She sent her older brothers to study at a French school, and she crossed the sea with her. Leave me alone, 9 years old. Oh no don't worry. It's true that my father gave birth to his mistress, and she was a Japanese-Brazilian. He was a man of no distinction. But I was more attached to my father. You see, my father only graduated from elementary school, and there were even rumors that he couldn't write his own name, so he's just a rumor. From my point of view, yes, it's rough and wild, but not vulgar. I wonder if he was worried about himself a lot. I wanted to show off as much as possible, so I set up a splendid stacks room the size of a small library. Of course, the person himself didn't even try to get close to it when he made it, but he, his son, is me, but he really liked it. Ever since then, my small body was

alone.
My father enjoyed drinking while watching the quarrelsome child wrestle with a thick encyclopedia. That's right, I feel like he was a single father at that time, even though he's usually just a helper.
But when I was 14, on my way home from school, a bomb was planted in his limousine. I saved him in the nick of time, but I felt sorry for the driver. So he seems to have realized that even his father is at his limit.
You decided to send me to study in Japan. I was surprised because they told me one-sidedly without asking me what I wanted. After all, if my mother's dream was to go to the country of my ancestors with her child, then she wouldn't mind.
It is true that at that time, apart from small monsters, the appearance of monsters in Japan was almost non-existent. My father must have thought that it was much safer than Europe, where his mother-in-law and brothers were, because he had commanded part of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, which was still growing. But for me, it was a bolt from the blue. After all, he had a Japanese face and name given to him by his mother, but he couldn't speak the language, and first of all, he didn't know much about Japan at the time. Japan is a strict country where religion is a fusion of Buddhism and Shintoism. Well, I was young then. I thought my youth was gray, so I thought I'd make some memories before I left Brazil. Inviting a girl who was a good friend at the time to the Rio carnival, slipping past her father and bodyguards...
It was too little. After changing to a long-distance bus and entering a restroom she was apprehended. It must have been less than an hour since I left home. I was a really stupid kid.

I was lucky that she was seperated from me.. Then, when I realized it, I was in the sky. His hands were tied behind his back and he was blindfolded, but I could tell by the sound of the propeller that he was on an airplane. I came to my senses and she knew she was blindfolded and all these bad guys were surrounding me. A man full of tattoos, like Hoichi Nashi -I learned about Japanese ghost stories later- and a man with piercings here and there like a cactus.

"I'll give you a lot back for what you've done for me."
I don't know who they were after all, or where they were trying to take me. Below was a dense forest, the Amazon rainforest, and the altitude was quite low. I think it was probably trying to avoid the radar and slip out to the Pacific side, around Colombia. It was a mess back then, but there must have been plenty of opportunities for my father to outsmart someone and make money. It wouldn't be strange if someone resented me. But in the end, I didn't know who they were and what their purpose was.

Suddenly the plane shook violently.

My vision got cloudy. For a moment I wondered if the sunlight had been blocked or if I had jumped into the clouds. Wrong. It was a flock of birds. Something happened down there. Then there was the sound of something breaking and the plane shook. A bird strike... one of them collided with the plane, and must have smashed through the glass.
Maybe they banged into the pilot's face or something. The aircraft was big... One of the men surrounding me tried to get back in the cockpit, but it was too late. The plane fell headlong into the green ground at an almost vertical angle, and I fainted again.
When I woke up again, I was in the shade of a tree by the river. It would have been near the source of a small tributary that flows into the Amazon River. A clear stream flowed and I stood up. A pure white cloth was wrapped around my right arm, head, and the other places where he had been injured. It was a cloth with a strange feel, and it felt like it was close to silk. But it was thicker than that, and as I learned later, it was also resistant to heat. How on earth was it created?
Strangely enough, even though I was in an airplane accident, there were no visible scars on my body, just a dull pain in my right arm. The shirt I was wearing had a considerable amount of blood on it that had dried and turned brown. If you saw me, you'd see that there were scars that appeared to have closed wounds all over the body. Around the scars, something like glittering powdered gold dust or scale powder were applied. Confused, I looked around to see who had treated me.

It was 30 years ago, but that figure is still clearly burned into my memory.
A beautiful girl was bathing under a small waterfall.
A brown fairy.
Silver hair cut short. Cocoa skin. Compared to the women who danced Rio's samba, her body wasn't voluptuous at all, but her toned body, dripping with flowing water, was as strong as the steel that lurked beneath it, yet as strong as silk thread. It indicated the presence of supple muscles, a perfect harmony of strength, health and beauty, so to speak. It was as if she was a mythical battle maiden.
I was glued to her. Her eyes met mine unexpectedly, and I froze. I knew I should look away from her, but she couldn't. I was fascinated by her beauty.

Her thick eyebrows, her determined eyes, and her cool beauty make her look like the Queen of the Jungle. I trembled, thinking it was strange that she wasn't there, but surprisingly she didn't reproach me.

She's even smaller, but she certainly gave me a smile. Somehow, she didn't seem to be ashamed of showing her naked body to the opposite sex. Leaving behind her waterfall shower, she shook her head, splashing water droplets, and ran her hands through her hair as the bright colors at

the tip of her chest pierced my vision, the impact. I finally regained her sanity and was able to turn her eyes away from her.

"I'm glad you opened your eyes. Is it alright if I wash your body?". That's what she said to me.

"Wait a minute. The woman, presumably an indigenous woman, could she speak Portuguese?"

No. We never used language to communicate.

What do you mean?

When I was a child, I could understand it a little bit.
something, she understood it. It was the same with her. Even if she didn't say it, she understood my feelings. We didn't need to open our mouths. She may have been an extraordinarily sharp child.

But that doesn't explain why you were able to understand what she was saying, is it?

If I said we spoke to each other using telepathy, how would you feel? Would that be too unscientific?

Eh, yeah.

That's why I said if you don't believe it's a fairy tale, from now on, think of it as a hallucination of a young boy who barely survived a plane crash before he was rescued. I don't mind that interpretation. Anyway, I washed away the blood, sweat, and mud that had accumulated beside her.

Her name is Mila. She held a position similar to a shrine maiden in her local tribe. Fortunately or unfortunately I was the only survivor. I heard that all of the ruffians who tried to kidnap me died instantly. What surprised me the most was that it had only been a full day since the accident. I thought I had been in a coma for about a week because my wounds were mostly closed, but there were scale like objects on my body. It seems that there was a secret to that. It is said that he even had his broken right arm reattached in one day. She looks like she can't believe it. No wonder. I don't mind, just listen to it as a fairy tale.

I asked Mila to help me escape from the jungle. Her reply was that she wanted to do the same, but it was difficult.

Something bad is lurking around this forest, and if it finds my friends or my village, she'll be in trouble. Unless I do something about him, I can't leave here. That was her answer. When I asked if it was a bad

thing, she walked into the dense forest, dressed in her straight clothes, as if to follow me. I followed suit.
That's what she answered.
In her jungle, the most alarming thing is infectious diseases transmitted by insects such as mosquitoes, but the scale-like substance seems to have played a powerful insect repellent role. Neither I nor she had to worry about her insects.
As we made our way through the sloping forest, we soon heard something like a faint growl. Then there is the sound of water. I knew something was up. The forest opened.
The scene of the massacre was visible from the hill overlooking the Nile. Alligators were originally supposed to be predators, but they were unilaterally turned to the side of being hunted. Of course, only a monster could do such a thing. I don't know how to describe it, an upright ugly frog. It had protruding wart skin, two horns, no tail, and looked more like a giant than a beast. It's not that big of a monster. It probably didn't exceed 10 meters.
It was killing crocodiles at random. One crocodile had its jaws split open and was split alive in his coffin. One crocodile was grabbed by the tail and slammed to the ground repeatedly. It was a crocodile and even it couldn't escape. Apparently, the monster emits an electric current from its body. And from that Most of the crocodiles were unable to move properly. It was a sickening sight. It's too cruel of a scene to be from a fairy tale. The monster was clearly enjoying himself. Not for eating. It was having fun. Like a bad boy crushing insects.
Gabara.
The name came through with her stifled anger. That seemed to be the name of that monster. I got chills imagining what it would look like when he showed up in her village. I see. I absolutely must defeat him.
We left the place.
The cries of the crocodiles lingered in my ears. The cave girlfriend Mira was based in a large cave. The night in the jungle is early. It was dusk when we arrived, but it soon turned into night. I will see how my friends are doing. It's dangerous, so you stay here Tell her help and me, she went deeper into the cave. After all, she never met her so-called friend, so she doesn't know who she really is. She never let me see her. For example, he has some sacred role and is forbidden to come into contact with the worldly, or he is reluctant to come into contact with others because of some illness or injury, or maybe…They weren't human....the mysterious threads and scales she had...maybe...no, let's stop. Don't leave the realm of speculation. Even if it's a fairy tale, it's too ridiculous. After having a simple dinner with nuts and fruits together with Mira, who returned, I wrapped myself in the cloth

woven with the same thread and slept with Mira. Her shoulders and mine were together. It was my first time sleeping next to a girl, but she must have been tired after all. Feeling her breath, her heartbeat, and her temperature, when will she say this?

One night after he attacked, Mira guided me to the location of the plane that had crashed. Anyway, I thought there might be something to defeat Gabara. Mira seemed to have a knack for bows, but although she is small, she is a monster close to 10 meters. As expected, it was not enough.

The wreckage of the plane had some mounds of dirt next to it.

The corpses of the kidnappers were buried by Mira. Their reward was well received. I made a small cross and began to examine the crushed wreckage of the plane. Aviation fuel was the first to hit the mark. A high-performance fuel is a good alternative to gunpowder. Unfortunately, they had already flowed out of the perforated tank. No, you should thank your luck. If it had flowed out and he had set fire to it, I wouldn't have died. After that... it seems to be belongings of a criminal organization, it would have been nice to have one heavy weapon RPG on board, but unfortunately there were only a few small arms and some rusty tools.

-Well, what would you do?

Albert asks me like a teacher, ``What else could be useful in the plane?''It seemed to me that he had repeatedly emphasized the word "inside."

I responded, “The frame of the plane was made of aluminum, wasn't it?"

He nodded.

“That's right. Combining powdered aluminum with iron oxide, which can be obtained by grinding a tool, you can make a super-hot gunpowder called thermite.

I made a high-pressure atomizer out of an improvised melting furnace and bellows and refined the powdered aluminum. The rest is a powerful projectile to throw into Gabara. Mira rolled up with ready-made materials.

I made a stone crossbow. A steel plate that looks like it's going to come off.

It took two full days to prepare.

That monster was a real tyrant.

A lazy and moody king.

Except when he slaughters Amazonian creatures on a whim, he takes a nap all day long in his lair. I was carefree. It's true that monsters

didn't have external enemies, so it's not unreasonable, but even so, he took it too lightly.
That's human wisdom.
After devising a strategy and securing the shooting point and escape route, this was Mira's monopoly. A dense forest can be seen in a grid-like modern city in Mira.

Well, we approached Gabara, and at dawn it was too easy for Mira to shoot the dozing guy with an arrow.
With my signal, her arrow pierced Gabara's right eye. He jumps up and rampages, then sees us up the hill with his remaining left eye. Of course, I discovered it on purpose. As calculated, including the room to stick my tongue out at him. There was a rope across the river for escape. Mira grabbed my waist, supported the weight of the two of us with one arm, and slid down the river. Of course, he followed.
"Shoot!"

Didn't the thermite explode?

The most difficult part was the detonator. If there is an explosion while you are aiming, you will be killed.
However, it was extremely difficult to create a replacement that would work safely and reliably from whatever materials were on hand. So, I decided to borrow his hand. That's why I made an escape route across the river.

As soon as he entered the river, the surface of the water began to bubble. How many creatures has he playfully slaughtered? His blood-soaked body quickly prepared to kill carnivorous fish of the Amazon River that had been attracted to him.

Of course, if he wasn't wounded he wouldn't have been in danger.. A single lightning strike would be enough to wipe them out. But now he had a bomb in his right eye. With a roar, an electric shock was released, and
Boom!
We did it and I unintentionally hugged Mira. But she was calm.
It's not over yet. She said so and she pulled me away. Maybe it was shining.

Half of his face was blown away, and his huge body fell to the waterside. Burned by fire that cannot be extinguished by water, carnivorous fish rush to the struggling guy. As soon as the water surface is covered with his blood. Even so, he struggled for a while, perhaps lured by the smell of blood, but perhaps he was waiting for an opportunity to take revenge. Crocodile swarms down from the river

I saw it coming. Countless crocodiles attacked him as an opportunity to strike back. I didn't feel sorry for him. Retribution. It was

well deserved.

This is the end of my adventure story. After that, she and I built a small riverboat and sailed down the Amazon River. We spent three days on board. I invited Mira while gazing at the sky full of stars peeking through the gaps in the trees. Do you want to live in the city together? But I heard the opposite.

Are you really going back? Why did the monsters appear? To put an end to your civilization. Humanity should find a way to live in the forest again.

At that time, I thought it was parallel lines. After all, monsters like Gabara have appeared in the Amazon rainforest. No matter where you live, the danger is the same... No, I thought it would be much more dangerous to live in the forest without proper weapons.

Actually, she was right. The appearance of monsters increased with time, and eventually her guy appeared... Humanity lost four continents. I sometimes wonder why South America is the only continent that has been spared the damage of monsters. Maybe... it's not that monsters don't appear in South America, but that it's a territory of monsters that are relatively friendly to humans, haven't you ever thought?

Well, good. By the morning of the fourth day she was gone. Not a single trace of her remained. A military river patrol boat spotted us and slowly approached. This is the end of my adventure. Is it all my delusion, or is it a big blunder, or is it the truth? You can take it however you like.

Appearance After lecturing the crew of the Aratrum, I'm thinking of retiring here. I want to go to Amazon again to find her. I've done a lot for the Allied government, and I'm a lonely person with no family. I'll let her love me even in old age. What is she doing? Maybe she already has children or grandchildren.

Human civilization will probably be exterminated by monsters in the near future. We don't have any tricks for them anymore. However, the destruction of human civilization does not necessarily mean the death of humanity.

Dinosaurs, who once enjoyed the spring of this world, have now been completely expelled from their position, but they still survive on this earth as birds. Humanity should have such options. After handing over the throne of the king of this planet to the monster, there is still a way to coexist. She must have been one of the first humans to choose such a way of life, right?

Dagahra
December 2017, South Pacific
John Smith (pseudonym), United States Navy, Fighter Pilot (at that time)

Domestic Production Association
The war against the Kaiju that began in 1999 was an entirely new war for humankind to experience. It caused a shift in fundamental thinking on military tactics and strategies.

Yet, the importance of aircraft carriers and aircraft carriers* in the war at sea remained unwavering. They, including nuclear-powered aircraft carriers built by the United States, have always occupied an important position as frontline bases in the oceans, not only in the detection and destruction of numerous monsters, but also in operations such as maritime transport and refugee rescue after the threat of oceanic monsters disrupted maritime transportation routes. Many of them have been sunk. As of 2047, the human government owned only three full-fledged aircraft carriers: the Nimitz-class Saratoga, formerly of the United States Navy, the Gerald R. Ford-class Enterprise, and the newest, built with technology provided by the USS Barusaldo.
The Nimitz-class aircraft carriers Saratoga and Enterprise, all former members of the United States Navy, and the Gerald R. Ford-class aircraft carrier Enterprise, and the Matthias Jaxson, the last of the Matthias Jaxson-class name ships to be built by mankind.
One of these ships, the Saratoga, lost most of its aircraft during the Battle of Japan in 2046. The Saratoga lost most of its aircraft in the decisive battle of Japan in 2046, and while being destroyed in the process, many of its men were evacuated from Japan to South America. However, to make up for the lost aircraft

The Saratoga, with not even a glimpse of light, lies in the Rio de Janeiro Naval Arsenal with its damaged hull.
The Saratoga is lying in the Rio de Janeiro Naval Arsenal with its damaged hull. Commander John Smith of the United Earth Navy, known to his fellow crew members as "the daredevil," is a pilot of a transport plane. No matter how dangerous the place may be, he always takes the plane off and comes back. He has helped countless evacuees to survive or be rescued. He was once aboard the Saratoga as a crew member of a shipboard aircraft. According to the records, Saratoga engaged one kaiju. However, he told me a story about an encounter with a monster that had not been recorded.

John Smith: When I was a kid, I saw the Kamacuras destroying

New York City on TV. I decided to join the military because I heard that it was a U.S. bomber that had killed that huge monster. But my father, who was a fisherman, said, "Boy, if you're going to join the military, you should join the Navy, not the Air Force. That way you can fly boats and you can fly airplanes. And so, I became a naval cadet. Oh yeah, I was probably part of one of the last generations to voluntarily enlist in the military; The draft was reinstated in the U.S. shortly thereafter (Note 1). By that time, I had decided to become a fighter pilot. After all, it was the most glamorous career. I thought that transport planes were for cowards and dropouts. Cowardice.

What I was taught in the military was the basics of fighting monsters.

“First see, then shoot, then kill. Find it first, shoot it first, kill it first.”

The Kamacuras were our undoing. They landed in a densely populated area, so no matter what kind of weapons we have, we can't have just shot them. Especially in a liberal country like us, unlike China or Russia at that time, we couldn’t just go in there and launch a casualty-free attack with tens of millions of people as collateral damage. To limit the damage-we needed to find them before they land and make sure we kill them in order to have a true victory. It's easy to say, but difficult to do in reality. Kaiju, despite their huge size, have the ability to absorb radio waves. When you notice them, they will have already suddenly landed in a major city.

In the 2010s, however, countries around the world began to take serious measures against monsters. Military budgets were increased, and several additional Aegis ships equipped with state-of-the-art radar and sonar were built. The F-353 Joint Strike Fighter, whose development had been delayed for some time, was deployed in the field with enhanced surface-to-ship performance. Surface-to-ship performance was prioritized instead of stealth performance because the Kaiju did not have radar (Note 2). The Saratoga's first Venus was in 2015, shortly before I was assigned to it. At that time, the operation to detect Kaiju at an early stage and exterminate them at the water's edge was finally beginning to succeed.

Humanity could fight Kaiju. Just as humanity was beginning to have such hope, it happened.

December 25, 2017. Commonwealth of Australia. Sydney.

'The Red Christmas Scourge'.

Have you ever wondered why Australia allowed Dagara to land so easily? At the time, the Australian government was greatly increasing its naval power. It had completed construction of the state-of-the-art Hobart class destroyers ahead of schedule, imported conventional-powered submarines from Japan as well, and was on the lookout for

monsters. How could It have landed on the capital? Why had a submarine not detected before it landed?
As a matter of fact, the Australian government had long been aware of Dagahra's existence. From who? From us, the United States Navy.
You are aware of the pandemic in Eastern Samoa that occurred about two weeks before Dagahra's attack on Australia, right? Yes, I'm sure you are. It was an event now known as the precursor to the Australian tragedy. A mysterious red tide-like object swept into Pago Vago Harbor in American Samoa, killing one in three residents due to an outbreak of an unknown bacterial infection. It was later confirmed that the organism was the same one that Dagahra had spread to Sydney, and it was assumed that it had probably emerged from the waters of Oceania...so the records say.

In fact, it was not. Dagahra was first identified at the end of November 2017 by the United States Navy.
The watercraft Seawolf arrived in the Pacific Ocean at latitude 44°9' S and longitude 126°45' W. The ship was forced to make an emergency ascent.
The ship made contact with "something" and was forced to make an emergency ascent to the surface. The damage left on the hull suggests that the "something" was a giant monster.

Two weeks later, a patrol plane was sent to the coast of Eastern Samoa.
Two weeks later, a patrol plane spotted the Dagahra off the coast of Eastern Samoa, and the Saratoga I was flying was ordered to attack.

Wait a minute. Are you saying that the U.S. Navy was engaged with the Dagahra before landing in Sydney?

John Smith: Yes, that's right. I was part of the attack force myself. Don't believe me?

Please continue.

John Smith: It was an ideal situation. It was supposed to be. The monster was spotted early. The monster was in the middle of the ocean, with nothing around it to hinder its attack. The Saratoga was loaded with more than 70 aircraft and nearly 3,000 tons of ammunition. It was configured as a carrier strike group consisting of a missile cruiser equipped with an Aegis system, a missile destroyer, and an attack submarine. There was no way they could lose to Dagahra. It was just vermin to be exterminated.

So did he escape?
John Smith: No, The E-2D early-warning aircraft had him perfectly in their sights, as did the two attack submarines. We weren't going to let it escape or miss our chance to kill it. I was one of 12 fighter squadrons in the first wave of attack planes.

"Garuda 22, you are cleared for takeoff."
The deck crew completed their final checks, and permission was given to launch. The catapult threw my plane, armed with anti-ship missiles, into the blue sky. The sky was so blue that I could see through it. Yes, I could still see such a sight back then. I could still see such a thing, unlike now this black and dirty sky...
The first to open the attack was not us, but the submarine that was following us. An MK5 torpedo, at close range, was fired. Dagahra was unable to resist it, jumped out of the water, and into the air. The existence of wing-like organs had been confirmed, so it wasn't completely unexpected. How could such a huge body, which seems to ignore aerodynamics at all costs, be able to fly in the sky? Well, nevermind. It was actually convenient for us that he flew up. It made it easier for us to get a good shot at him. Our aircraft had two AGM-8 Harpoon anti-ship missiles hanging from each wing. We had to sacrifice stealth because we were behind in developing a Joint Strike Missile that could be mounted in the weapon bay, but we were up against- a monster. So what was the issue? Our range is over 200 km. Our E-2D early-warning aircraft had a perfect view of him, and the information was transmitted via datalink to our 12 F-35Cs.
My HMD had locked on to him and was telling me to fire at any moment. Dagahra, on the other hand, I can assure you, had no idea he was being targeted by two Reapers.
Garuda, launch anti-ship missiles! "FOX 3! FOX 3!"
It was like it was right out of the manual: First look, first shot, first kill.
I pulled the trigger and released the anti-ship missile. The first shots were fired by a flight of four, including the captain's plane and mine. Four anti-ship missiles went flying at subsonic speeds, billowing white smoke.
Soon after, the E-2D control officer said, "Hit, hit! I didn't need to be told by the HMD's radar site. To my surprise, he was still flying, but there were still missiles left and incoming. If 12 missiles weren't enough, the next squadron would be sent to attack in waves. There was no escape for him. We would surely kill him here. That's what everyone thought.

I put my finger on the trigger again and waited for the attack order from the captain's plane. However, what jumped into my ears was "Cease fire! Cease fire! The order was "Cease fire! I couldn't believe my

ears.

I couldn't believe my ears. I yelled at the air traffic controller, "What a joke! But the controller only repeated, "No attack allowed," and "This is the captain's order. On the contrary, the order was given to leave the E-2D in pursuit. Track Dagahra, but do not attack. That was the order.

So you are saying that the U.S. Navy intentionally let Dagahra go?

Page 92:

Yeah, that's what I said. I didn't understand what it meant at the time. What if we let it go? What if he lands in some big city? Do you know how many people died in New York? The first thing I did when I got back to the ship was go to yell at the captain, but the deck hands stopped me. Instead, the captain punched the captain and put me in the brig...

Why on earth did they make that decision?

John Smith: Barem. That's the damned plague that Dagahra was

carrying around.

The first victims of it were not the inhabitants of Australia or Eastern Samoa. It was the workers who repaired the first nuclear submarine that came in contact with Dagahra. It probably attached itself to the submarine when it came into contact with the Dagahra. It began to proliferate in the dock where the submarine was stopped for repairs. It really did. Records indicate that they did not know that Dagahra had an unknown bacterial infection in his body until the moment they killed him. In fact, the US was aware of the danger at a very early stage, and the information was passed on to Australia in secret. That is why they could not stop Dagahra from landing in Sydney.

If that is true, why was it not made public?

Wounded by our attack, Dagahra dove back into the sea. Three

days later, the Barem hit Eastern Samoa, turning the sea a deep red. Maybe the order to call off the attack was the right one. If Dagahra had been destroyed there, Oceania, not Australia, would have been wiped out.

But the military and the government were hesitant to disclose the truth. They were probably afraid of it becoming a scandal. The military could have said that the pandemic had spread to Eastern Samoa because of the military's careless attack on the Kaiju. If done poorly, it would be a serious obstacle in future operations against the Kaiju. Impeachment That's why the military covered up the facts. That's right. I

understand the logic. But I'm going to go to-

(John Smith asks me a question after a few moments...)
Have you ever seen any records of infections in the Barem?
Interviewer: Yes, I have.
It's a terrible affliction. It's no way for a person to die. It's like a human being is melting alive with red pustules blowing from their body. There was nothing they could do at that point. In Australia, doctors were the first to die on the front lines. Eastern Samoa was even worse. There was no state-of-the-art medical equipment there at all. But I didn't know anything at that time. It wasn't until after Sydney was destroyed that I finally understood what was happening. I was so close to becoming a hero by defeating the Kaiju with my own hands, but I was prevented from doing so by the stupid upper management. I had nothing else in my mind as Eastern Samoa turned to hell. I never thought that a missile I fired with my own hands could cause such a tragedy. The monster was an unknown entity. Until Exif provided us with gematria calculations and we were able to figure out a lot about its biology in advance...no one knew what it was.

(John Smith holds his head and shakes his head. There is a faint ringing in the silence. After a long pause, Smith begins to speak again.)

We don't know directly what happened later. We were quarantined for a while because we had possible contact with Dagahra. The Australian military and the U.S. military apparently worked together to guide Dagahra out of the area. Australia had always been keen on preserving its marine resources, and the monsters had caused a lot of trouble at sea.

Fearing releasing deadly poison in its body, Dagahra landed in Sydney while the human race remained inaccessible. Dagahra overran Sydney to Newcastle, where it was intercepted by Australian forces. It is still not known who made the decision to attack. They say it was in the middle of a period when the leadership was destroyed and the government was temporarily paralyzed. The wounded creature escaped into the sky, then ran out of energy, and fell into the sea. The carcass was full of poisonous Barem, and the Australians could not let that happen.

I couldn't let that happen. But to no avail. He headed straight for Sydney. Why? Why do monsters attack cities? If they were food, they

could eat fish or anything else. Other animals are doing the same thing. Humans have terrible weapons, and they know that if they mess with them, they will be killed. But monsters are different. They do not do it for food or survival, but as if they hate us... (Note 4).

The Lear Sea was quickly polluted, and many people fell ill and were melted alive by the infection. The pollution of the oceans also wreaked havoc on Australia's natural environment. With widespread starvation and pandemics the death toll topped 3 million in 2018 alone. There were limits to what the international community could do to help, as the oceans were completely polluted and inaccessible by ship. As a result, the Australian continent became the second continent lost to humanity, after Africa....

Dagahra was the last Kaiju I pulled the trigger on. After that, I just couldn't fire at Kaiju. I thought, "What if this thing is poisoned again and I end up like Sidney? ..... The top brass transferred me out and my life as a fighter pilot ended there, and I've been flying transports ever since.

Everyone says I'm a daredevil. They say I'm a daredevil, that I'm not afraid of the monsters. Yes, I'm not afraid of them. I take food to hungry children. Rescuing isolated refugees from under the feet of the Kaiju. It's all very simple. If I fail, I will die. If I succeed, everyone lives. Nothing is more terrifying than being a hero and then possibly triggering the destruction of the world.

Note 1: The United States passed the General Draft Act in 2017, requiring two months of military service and five years in the reserves for all U.S. citizens and permanent residents, male and female, ages 18-26.

Note 2: To be precise, there are a small number of Kaiju that have or may have radar or similar organs.

Note 3: There are still many aerodynamic mysteries regarding the principles of flight of flying monsters. There are also persistent voices pointing out the possibility of gravity control.

Note 4: Although there are various theories, it is certain that many monsters are attracted to densely populated areas, including metropolitan areas.

Orga.

May 2022 Kaela, Mali African refugee (at that time)

11 percent.
This is the survival margin left for humanity today.
In the half-century since the advent of the monster, humanity has lost four continents and now lives shoulder to shoulder in parts of South America. Our consumer society, supported by inexhaustible electricity and overflowing with advertising in our major cities, is now the stuff of the history books. In today's humanosphere, where food, energy, medical supplies, and mineral resources ・・・・・・ are all being depleted.
However, what is most in short supply are human resources.
In the half-century-long battle against the monsters, the total population has shrunk to one-tenth of its original size. Moreover, for more than a decade, the human race has been in a state of all- out war beyond its limits, with more than 30% of the survivors mobilized for military service, and the younger generation, who should be the leaders of society, are dying one after another. The birth rate continues to decline. Even with the science and technology supplied by Exif and Barusaldo, complete automation of society cannot be achieved, and the Earth Federation is destroying itself due to the extreme shortage of labor.

The Second Human Rescue City of Colombia.

Bogota, the former capital of Colombia. This city is now run by the Human Survival Commission.

“In the past, these places were called refugee camps.”

Looking down on the harbor from my office window, the young administrator, "mayor" who oversees this city, Mari Kaela
Kayla says this
True, the predecessor of the Commission for the Survival of Humankind was the Office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees, which worked under the UN to deal with refugees, but the refugee camp she is referring to is quite different from this redeveloped City of Humanity Rescue, which was built with the best of the science and technology supplied by Bilusaludo.
A large transport ship had just docked at the port, carrying people from a rescue mission on the North American continent. This city is a base for the protection of the most precious resource on the planet, humanity, and for the education and training of people as soldiers and laborers.

The slogan: "Let the human species survive, rescue the 200 million

people left behind on the lost continent, restore the population to 100 million. .....
Such are the slogans that hang in the office. I am not the only one who works for the United Earth. She is still in her thirties, but she has achieved this very goal through tough negotiations, sometimes with dozens of war veterans on her side, cooperation with aliens, and the rescue of many refugees from monster-infested areas.

“In the past, people on Earth had the luxury of treating refugees who had lost their homes to monsters as a nuisance, giving them minimal shelter, and leaving them alone...”

Kaela smiled as she said this. It was a sarcastic remark, but it was not sarcastic at all. She herself was born on the African continent and has a history of traveling to Europe as a refugee. She was one of those who were treated as "troublesome". Despite this, I could not read any feelings of resentment or anger in her words.
“We refugees are the ones who come to take away our land, our jobs, and our welfare. We are a never-ending stream of them, they thought. What a happy illusion.
In May of the year 2022, a young girl finds herself far from home in Turkey, where her family has been stolen away by a monster.
First of all, let me say that I did not see the Kaiju...Orga in person. Besides, when I left the country, I was a very young child, not even in school yet.

I didn’t fully understand the situation at the time.
I have a very vague memory of it all”
Before beginning to speak, Kaela prefaces her speech by stating this. Certainly, Kaela was somewhat inappropriate as the subject of the investigation for the monster I had been ordered to conduct. Even so, I asked Kaela to do the research. I really wanted to hear directly from her.

“I understand. I don't know how much I can remember exactly, but I would like to tell you. But in order to do so, I need you to listen to a little bit of what happened before I was born.
Of the five continents, Africa was the first to lose its sphere of existence. While the developed countries in the north succeeded in defeating the monsters until... at least until 2030, albeit at great cost. With only a few exceptions, such as Egypt and South Africa, the African continent was poorly equipped, and had little power to resist against the 20-meter class medium-sized Kaiju, let alone the 50-plus meter class large ones. It is said that the first monster to appear in Africa was Angurius II,

which appeared in the Republic of South Africa in 2006, but the exact date is not known. I have also heard that smaller specimens had been confirmed before that.

The major turning point was the appearance of Megalon in 2012. It appeared, rampaged, and then disappeared into the sea. The direct casualties alone were in excess of 20 million people. But even more devastating was the large number of refugees that followed.

In many dictatorships, the information of the appearance of the Kaiju was not only kept from the people, but was even concealed from them, so that only the central government secretly abandoned the country and evacuated to Europe. My father was born and raised in one such shameful country. Although the damage caused by the Megalon was minor, my country was quickly plunged into the mire of civil war when the "generals" who had ruled so forcefully over several ethnic groups suddenly disappeared. My father decided to abandon his country and convinced his parents and neighbors, including my mother who would later become my mother, to leave for Egypt. At the time, Egypt had escaped the devastation of Megalon, was the wealthiest of its neighbors, and had enough military equipment to fight the Kaiju.

But many others thought the same way, and by 2015, Egypt was home to more than 10 million refugees. The situation was similar in South Africa and other countries with relatively stable political situations. Naturally, no single country could protect such a large number of people, and African countries requested assistance from the international community. However, Western countries and other countries around the world facing the threat of the Kaiju were so occupied with protecting their own countries from the monsters or recovering from the disaster that assistance was minimal.

In the beginning, we managed to make ends meet. My father found a job as an auto mechanic, married my mother, and had their first daughter. Yes, I was born in Egypt. I have never set foot on the soil of my homeland. But in the meantime, the number of refugees seeking refuge in Egypt continued to grow. The Egyptian government continued to accept refugees, and public dissatisfaction grew in the form of xenophobia, which finally led to a military coup in 2020. The new government stopped accepting any refugees. Rumors circulated that this would be followed by the incarceration of refugees in the countryside.

My father, who had lost his job and housing, decided to flee Egypt for Europe with my mother, myself, and my newborn sister. We were smuggled out of the country by a smuggler. Our family paid smugglers as much money as we could to escape from Egypt.

Less than a month later, Egypt was attacked by a horde of Gryphons and the capital Cairo fell. The fall of the continent was all but

certain, and 300 to 400 million Africans would follow my family and me as we fled to Europe and Central Asia, pursued by the monsters. And when that damned war breaks out, even more people will .....
Yes, it is estimated that Africa's population has been reduced by half in less than a decade since the emergence of Megalon in 2012. What are we really going to do? Africa at that time was in chaos.
If only the countries had decided to deploy UN troops as they requested. ..... If only the Gryphons could have been eliminated early and their reproduction prevented.... At the very least, we could have stopped the war between humans...

(I ask Kayla, who is at a loss for words).
"Overland to Europe?"
Immediately after the appearance of Megalon, many North Africans wanted to escape to Europe. This was mainly done by sea across the Mediterranean Sea, where there was an absolute shortage of ships. Since the late 2010s, not a day has gone by without a body landing on a European shore. No, there have been boats carrying the bodies of supposed African refugees from all over the world, not just Europe, that have washed up here in South America. But even getting to Europe by sea became difficult in the late 2010s. This is because the Kraken monster, Gezora, appeared in the Mediterranean.

"-One theory is that the EU countries released Gezora to block the route of refugees to Europe."

"I am sorry. I don't have the knowledge to answer that question. I was an ignorant child at the time. Anyway, it was already suicide for our family to go to Europe by sea. But the journey by land was also grueling. There were no buses, we were crammed like objects into the back of a truck, and before we knew it, after dozens of hours, my sister had stopped crying. The newborn could not stand it. My mother's milk had stopped flowing. The little food she had, she was sharing with me."

(Kaela made the holy seal of Exif. Then she begins to speak again.)

"I celebrated my sixth birthday in a refugee camp in Izmir, Turkey. Until then I had depended on rationed water, but that day I finally dug a well, and the whole day was a celebration. Everyone was celebrating, a UN lady gave me the sweetest candy I had ever eaten, an old man with a beard like a bear gave me a beautiful doll... ....Maybe it was a

memento of someone else. ..... Like my sister, I wonder what that uncle's daughter did with ..... that doll along the way. I don't remember.
I don't have such painful memories of life in the refugee camps. I believe that the Turkish government, under the leadership of the president, was doing everything it could to accommodate the refugees.
Turkey was also trying to give them permission to work in the United States, and they were accepting refugees, almost half of their population.

Of course, Turkey was able to set up so many refugee camps in the country because of the support from the EU countries. The UNHCR sent a lot of staff to the camps, and they managed to provide a minimum level of medical care. Of course, this was in exchange for Turkey keeping the refugees in the country. The doors to Europe, our original destination, were tightly closed; the EU countries had erected layers of fences at their borders to keep us out. Border guards were pointing their guns at anyone who came close. The idea of a united Europe has manifested itself in Europe working together to keep the refugees out.

Of course, not all European countries started out this way. Even though Germany announced that it would take in 500,000 refugees in 2016, that is a small number compared to the number of refugees pouring into the country. It was one or two orders of magnitude short of the number of refugees pouring in.
In the 2020s, when the destruction of Africa was decisive, Europe became increasingly hardened. If we don't do something, people from all over Africa will come and take over Europe. Such a ridiculous fear must have spread. It is the same as in Egypt. Nationalist parties that call for the exclusion of immigrants and refugees are winning elections in many countries, walls are being built on borders, and the world is becoming more and more afraid that the people of Africa will come to Europe and take over.
In the face of a common threat to humanity, however, people closed their borders, closed their minds, and divided themselves before the monster could divide them.
It had already been almost a year since I arrived in Turkey. I am sure my parents were impatient. However, as I mentioned earlier, I myself was not thinking about going to Europe as soon as possible. I had been a "refugee" since I was born, and considering my life in Egypt and my journey to Turkey, life in the refugee camps was blessed enough for me. The UN gave out humanitarian milk and cookies, which was a real treat for me. Yes.

Still, I knew that something special was going to happen in May 2022. That the adults were expecting something and that something was

going to happen "soon".
That year, that time... the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees had persistently lobbied European governments and Europe was finally opening its doors to refugees. An extraordinary European Parliamentary Assembly was convened to discuss the admission of 3 million refugees to the European Union as a whole. This is a small number considering the 40 million refugees in Turkey and the hundreds of millions of people still stranded in Africa, but it was to be a first step. And in parallel, the deployment of UN troops to Africa to address the root causes of the population influx into Europe.

If the plan to retake Africa had been secretly initiated, we might have even been able to return to our homeland.
That day, brought a ray of hope.
May 11, 2022.
Orga landed in Izmir. Izmir was originally a stopover point on the way to Europe via Cyprus. After the advent of Gezora made this impossible, those who had lost their way ended up staying there, and it was the site of the largest refugee camp in Turkey at the time. Orga, of all monsters, appeared there. In what was then probably one of the largest and most densely populated areas in the world. And at the end of the route was our refugee camp.
The Turkish government naturally hesitated to attack, but Izmir was overrun by Orga. A volunteer army was hastily formed among the refugees and my father was chosen as its leader. What could they do against such a huge monster without weapons? Or did the Turkish government provide him with weapons? I don't know. I was ... I was able to get on the helicopter because I was a young child. A helicopter with only children on it. Because that way they could carry as many people as possible. I was the older sister, and I was holding both babies in my arms during the ride. My mother told me…she would escape by land and that we would definitely see each other later. But neither my father nor my mother came back in the end. ..... About 1,150,000 people. Do you know what this number is?

Is that the official number of deaths caused by Orga recorded by the Earth Union?

Yes. It is considered relatively minor among the Kaiju disasters, but that doesn't include us, the indigenous people and refugees, So, if you include my father and mother, the death toll would probably be just short of 10 million. But that is unknown because there are no official records. The deaths of my father and mother are only mentioned in a small supplement next to the 1.15 million.

It is a shame. Had Orga appeared just a little later that day, there might have had a different outcome, a different history. We might have been able to create the Earth Union without waiting for contact with Exif and Barulsaldo. But it didn't happen that way. It did not take long for the EU and Russia to fight over the leadership of the reconstruction effort, which eventually led to a proxy war that divided the nations. How could we repeat the ridiculous Cold War era in the face of monsters and hundreds of millions of refugees coming from the African continent? ....

One by one, African peoples became victims of the Kaiju, having nowhere else to go. ..... Precious, irreplaceable lives were....

You are registered as a Swiss citizen and then become an employee of the UNHCR. In 2036, humanity, with the help of two alien species, Exif and Barusaldo, began refugee rescue operations on land and on the African continent, and the name of the administrator is known as the one who persistently negotiated the offer of an alien interstellar migrant ship for refugee rescue. The great results of this series of operations led to the creation of the Committee for the Survival of Humankind.

Yeah. Yes, I know. You make me sound like a saint or a hero, but I just did what I had to do. Like many others.

I personally took command of an EXIF migrant ship on a rescue mission for refugees who had been stranded in Siberia. Many of those rescued were EU and Russian residents. Unofficially, there is a record that during the Battle of Orga, a Russian fleet deployed in the Black Sea used biological and chemical weapons against Orga, causing a large number of collateral damage to the refugees. Moreover, there is testimony that Russia, fearing the influx of refugees due to the collapse of refugee camps, used the weapons against the refugees rather than against Orga....Collateral Damage was high.

Are you saying that the people of the EU have abandoned us and that the Russians are the avengers of my parents? I do not know if that is true or not.
I don't know if that is true or not. And even if it were true, that is hardly a reason not to help the people freezing in Siberia. Am I right? Oh, I think it's time for me to go. I'm sorry I can't be of more help.

No, I'm not. That's... I'm sorry, it's... Please, let me ask you one last thing. Is it true that the superintendent was asked to come aboard the Oratio and

he refused?

Is it true? I understand that emigration to an exoplanet is certainly a compelling and plausible option for the survival of the human race. But my role is to rescue as many of the estimated 200 million people still left outside the human sphere of existence as possible. And if by some chance this city comes to its end, I, as one of the Committee for the Survival of Humanity, will be there for the people until the very end. Just as many UNHCR workers stayed behind to make room for children like me and were with the refugees to the very end. I will be with the earth to the end.

That is the way of my devotion.

Chapter 2: “G”

“I am death, the destroyer of worlds."- The Bhagavad Gita
How can I tell people who have never met him about the horror of the world? How can I tell the horror of him to those who have never met him? It is a fear that is difficult to even describe. It was a miracle that I met him and survived. All I could do was gather fragmentary testimonies.

The year 2030, when human prosperity finally came to a decisive end. The year we encountered G for the first time. It was the year humanity encountered its true fear.
It was the year that the greatest nightmare, destruction incarnate, appeared.
The loss of two continents, Africa and Australia; the world's population reduced to one-third of what it had been in 2030, when mankind thought it had already learned to fear the monster.

But even this, mankind learns, was only the beginning of the scourge wrought by the monster. With their appearance, we realize from the bottom of our hearts that we, the people of earth, are on the verge of extinction. We, the people of earth, are on the verge of extinction. We are about to be destroyed by the Kaiju.

Hideto Tanabe Japan

Yes, it was Dr. Kyouhei Yamane, Professor of Strategic Biology, who named that thing Godzilla. Yes, I did not witness it first hand. However, I did not witness it directly. It started on Odo Island, a small island with a population of about 3,000 belonging to the Ogasawara Islands in Japan. At the time, as an official of the Ministry of Home Affairs, I was guiding the relocation of residents in depopulated areas in accordance with the Japanese Fortification Plan. That was, yes, it was May 2, 2030. The carcass of a monster washed up on the beach. It was a huge... 60-meter long turtle-like creature. It was as if a rocky mountain had suddenly appeared on the beach. It was a close relative of the turtle that appeared in the Philippines in 2002, and since it was the fourth one I had seen, I named it Turtle W. The problem was the condition of the carcass. It was badly damaged. I don't mean decomposition or anything like that. There was very little decomposition. It was probably not long after death. However, the face was half smashed, the right front leg was missing, and the carapace had been gouged out. The hard shell had been punctured by something and the surrounding area had melted away. Dr. Yamane, who had been dispatched to the site to investigate, thought that the creature may have been defeated in a fight with another monster. I thought it was a terrible thing. As you may know, the shell of the Kameoba is very strong, and in the case of Kameoba II in Guam, it even repelled a bunker buster. How scary is such a monster-killing monster...?
Aside from the damage to the head and limbs, the means by which the carapace was gouged out was problematic. Even Dr. Yamane, an authority on strategic biology, could not figure out how in the world such damage could be done...I'm not sure if it's a good idea or not, but I'm not sure. It was an existence that went beyond the monsters that had existed before..... Gojira Wujira.
Gojira. Ryujin - Wujira. Wujira has devoured all the fish in the sea. I am sure he will come up on land next." This was the name of an old dragon god on the island. In any case, a name was necessary, so the individual that killed Kameoba was named Gojira, and its estimated threat level was given a value of Kula 8 (the maximum value at the time). At Dr. Yamane's request, a Defense Navy survey team was dispatched to the nearby waters to conduct a joint survey with the U.S. Navy. Odo Island became an improvised frontline base. ..... Since we were short on manpower, I was put in charge of the site and had to work very hard. However, even after nearly two weeks, we could not find "Gojira," and in the end, although we kept a strict watch, one of the island's elders said,

"We will not be able to find Gojira again.

"We have to be on the lookout for Gojira, but we can't find him."

The search for Gojira was terminated as the island's "Gojira" was not to be found.

What in the world is that thing that killed Kameoba? The only clue was a report by Dr. Yamane and his team of investigators who were examining Kameoba's carcass; "A direct hit from something equivalent to a highly accelerated charged particle beam."

There is no such thing as a creature equipped with a highly accelerated charged particle beam...that is, a beam cannon like the ones in science fiction movies, right? There shouldn't be. There shouldn't be such a creature. • • • • •

Fuminori Bingo Mazda, (then captain of the Japanese fishing boat Bingo Maru No. 7)

In 1999, when the monster first appeared, Japan's food self-sufficiency rate was less than half. If imports were to stop, half of Japan would have to starve to death. The appearance of the Kaiju was just the manifestation of this nightmare. As the years went by, it became more and more difficult to secure sea transport routes, and the Kaiju were destroying import routes to Africa, China, and Australia. For Japan, which at the time was pursuing a plan to fortify Japan as a breakwater in the Pacific, this was its greatest weakness.

The Japanese government tried to increase food production by forceful means, almost to the point of requisition, but even this would not be effective in a year or two. After a contraction in the 2000s, Japan's fishing industry has expanded rapidly since the 2010s. We had no choice. Many new vessels were built, and many people who would normally be playing around in high school are now in the fishing industry.

The number of attacks by monsters, which had been a cause for concern, were few and far between. There were only a few monster attacks, which had been feared. At best, a few ships a year were sunk by dacoits. Of course, the Daghara in 2017 was a real blessing in disguise ..... that the marine pollution stayed in the southern hemisphere. .... Anyway, the Pacific Ocean in the 2020s was a far cry from the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans. The Pacific Ocean in the 2020s was a far cry from the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, which were teeming with Gezora, Manda, and Ganimes -----. Ever heard of the American fishermen in the Basig Sea? Yeah, it's insane to be crabbing while preparing for a Ganymede attack. ..... Sorry I got off topic.

Anyway, there aren't many monsters in the Pacific...or if there are, they've been killed by Daghara's poison. That was the theory. I never

thought about it. I never thought that the reason there were no Kaiju in the Pacific was because that was his territory. How could we have been so carefree fishing on top of such a horrifying creature?
Yes, 2030. That year, there had indeed been a string of vessels going missing since the latter half of the year. The No. 5 Hachiman Maru, the No. 2 Kobayashi Maru....., and the overseas ship Glory, which, in retrospect, was at an unusual pace. No. I had no idea. I had no idea. It was thousands of kilometers away, and monsters don't appear in the Pacific Ocean. Even if they did, they would be in the Pacific Ocean.

The search by the Self-Defense Forces - or was it the National Defense Force back then - began with a bang.
It was late at night on October 10 when we received a radio call from the Daigo Eiko Maru. I had known the captain for a long time, but he was very distraught. He was a man of the sea with such a strong spirit that he would have turned a giant octopus into an octopus on the spot. I was a very strong sea man, but I could have made an octopus on the spot if it had been a big octopus. --I don't think I was more than 200 nautical miles from my ship's position at the time. Anyway, something was happening in the sea, and the Daigo Eiko Maru was caught up in it. At the time, I thought it was an undersea volcanic eruption. How else could it have happened? What else could it be, that the ocean suddenly started boiling? I don't know. We're on our way to help you right now. Don't worry.

I tried to calm him down by saying, We're on our way to help you. Don't worry."
"Don't come. Don't come here.
That was his answer.
"Don't come, don't come any closer, go back to Japan right now, get out of here right now, or you will die." I don't know what he saw. Just before the radio went dead, I heard a sound I had never heard before. It sounded like it was coming from the depths of hell.

The sound was so high pitched, and yet so awful. My headset was chattering and shaking. Now I know. It was a roar. That's all. That's it.
I hurriedly pointed the ship toward the waters where he was. I couldn't leave him behind. But when I arrived at dawn, there was nothing there. There was nothing but a calm sea. The explosion of the undersea volcano that should have swallowed him was nowhere to be found. ..... The explosion of the undersea volcano that should have swallowed him up was nowhere to be found.

I couldn't have imagined at the time that it was a moving organism that had caused it. I was just at a loss.
Kent Kingsley, then employee of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric

Administration, United States of America

Reports came in from places where there were no "G's." But when I surveyed the places where the reports came in, I found that the "G's" were not there. But when we investigated the locations where the reports had been received, there was no evidence of such a problem. This kept happening over and over again. We had to twist our heads.
In the latter half of 2030, there were indeed a number of puzzling reports from fishing vessels and transports in the Pacific Ocean. The most common report was that of an undersea volcanic explosion. A large amount of steam was rising from the sea. The sea suddenly lit up and exploded. Normally, undersea volcanoes would not exist. There was no such thing as an undersea volcano.
They were seen floating at sea, or... There have been several cases where ships have disappeared after such reports. However, the sudden disappearance of a ship after being attacked by a monster was a common occurrence in 2030. At that time, budgets were tight, and undersea volcanoes? Let those things explode on their own. What about the Atlantic Ocean? Is it true that Gezora is breeding? What about Manda? What about the possibility of Ganimes moving south? What about marine pollution in Australia? That's how it went.
Certainly, if you connect the reported oddities..., yes, indeed, if you connect the "mysterious undersea volcano" and the "mysterious light" were gradually approaching the continental United States to the east.....
In hindsight, we can be blamed for not being aware of the danger. If we had had imagination, we might have recognized the looming threat. Or if we had more information. We heard that one of the Navy's nuclear submarines had gone missing. But that information never made its way to us. Do you really think we could have predicted that? No one knew about it until that day in 2030. You know what? Until that day, a kaiju was nothing more than a big, huge, enormous, and silly animal. No one had ever imagined that such a thing existed.
Lightning strikes and undersea volcanic explosions are all natural phenomena. They are natural disasters. How much more bizarre can you imagine that such natural disasters were caused by a single monster?

I wasn't, we weren't, science fiction writers or comic book writers. When that day came and ・・・・・・ Los Angeles was destroyed, that's when I finally realized it.

Michael Taylor, (HSC-122, Patrol Helicopter Pilot, United States Navy, 5th Carrier Wing (at the time),

That night was strange from the beginning.
The anti-submarine sonar did indeed catch three shadows.
Monsters are generally solitary creatures. Then, three of them appeared at once. Anguilla, Varan, and Baragon. It was like an all-out attack by monsters. So, I was just trying to cope with the reality in front of me. I didn't have time to worry about what was behind them. The real threat was behind them.

Three monsters gathered together, a threat that we had no choice but to desperately flee from them.

I had no idea that it was approaching Los Angeles.

Terry H. Maximilian (then Battalion Commander, 1st Battalion, 143rd Artillery Regiment, United States Army)

"The approaching Kaiju have been identified as three, as reported. They are believed to be the same species as, or close to, the Anguirus, Varan, and Baragon, respectively.
Hearing that three monsters would appear at once, I was both nervous and eager to fight. It is true that the simultaneous appearance of three monsters is unprecedented, but all of them are known to us.
Anguirus is the fourth, and both Varan and Baragon were the second of their kind. The United States and its allies have already succeeded in eliminating them once before, and they were known to not harbor any troublesome pathogens. In the control room, I encouraged my men, "We can do it!"
At the time, there were relatively few monsters on the Pacific Ocean side, and the basic strategy of the United States against monsters was to use the fortified cities of Japan to dam up and destroy the monsters that had been overrunning Eurasia and were escaping to the Pacific Ocean. For this reason, cities were fortified on the East Coast first, and on the West Coast later, but Los Angeles was one of the better ones.
The bay area was redeveloped as a military city with a steel barrier to allow for rapid deployment of troops. There were underground shelters to protect civilians, and a large artillery position was set up on a hill overlooking the Los Angeles basin, creating a kill zone. We are well prepared. Now is the time to show them the fruits of our daily training.

Three monsters crossed the defense line and the order to attack was issued. The first target was Varan II. This monster has gliding membranes like a flying squirrel and has limited flying ability. The plan is to destroy each of these troublesome units individually. The type of bullet we would use are armor-piercing grenades for use against monsters. Observation shots were fired, followed by the simultaneous firing of more than 200 guns. On the coastline at night, illuminated by the flares, the

Varan II, which had come under concentrated fire, could be seen struggling.
It was then that the operator, who was analyzing the video images, said suspiciously, "Has an order been given to attack Anguirus IV?" That was impossible. But she continued. Anguirus are characterized by their backsides, which are covered with thorns like a swordfish's back. The thorny mountain on the back of the individual that appeared on that day was so badly damaged that it was beyond recognition. No, it was not only Anguirus IV. Varan and Baragon all seemed to be wounded somewhere before the attack began. It was all wrong. They were not stupid. They would never attack a well-defended city without a good defense. They are more cunning. They could have flinched or run away when they came under fire. But Varan, Anguirus, and Baragon didn't flinch from the fire, and they kept moving forward unrelentingly.
This is how it should have been.
"All batteries, continue with the attack. Do not let them land!"
I ordered the attack order again. I felt something desperate and unhinged in their appearance. I felt that kind of will to -land in the city of Los Angeles, no matter what. In hindsight, it was wrong. It was wrong. They were certainly desperate, but they were not thinking -of destroying the city of Los Angeles, of killing all the people there, or anything like that.

They were just desperate.

To escape.

From him.

From the Monster that kill monsters.

From the God of Destruction, the King of Monsters.

Exposed to the bombardment, Varan spread his flying film and tried to escape into the sky.
"Don't let him escape, shoot him down!"
I ordered. At that moment, a torrent of blue-white light pierced Balan as he flew into the sky. The light turned the main monitors white, and the next moment, with a bang, the command center was enveloped in darkness. All electrical circuits were silenced. The command center was in total darkness, protected by thick concrete, but the roar was clear.

His roar.

Jason A. Moore, then citizen of Los Angeles

I can't get the sound of his footsteps out of my ears. They sound as if they are echoing from the depths of hell. It is as if it evokes memories of a time when mankind was still frightened of ravenous beasts. Ah. It's

stuck in the back of my head and won't go away. It's like a sound that shakes your soul. Slowly, slowly it approaches.
I could do nothing but hold my head in the shelter of the subway.
I heard footsteps. The earth shakes. Suddenly, the emergency lights went out and the area went dark. No one could scream. Then I heard his roar, and I knew something was happening. But I didn't know what it was.
Edgar H. Daniel, then citizen of Los Angeles

"Ah!
Godzilla, Godzilla, Godzilla is coming!"

Samson Grant, then a member, 1st Special Forces Group, United States Army

Three hours after Godzilla landed, we were at an altitude of 10,000 meters above Los Angeles. Our mission was a high-altitude descent and low-altitude umbrella opening. Airborne operations from an altitude of 10,000 meters. The objective was to gather information. That's right. I didn't even know what was going on. Suddenly, all communication from Los Angeles ceased. All that was being transmitted was fragmentary information. Something was shining. Los Angeles was on fire. And then... a monster appeared, spitting out rays of light. But all the aircraft, manned or unmanned, approaching L.A. had lost contact with each other. Anyway, something, tremendous, unimaginable seems to be happening. Even we humans, who should have been used to the "unimaginable" by now since the appearance of the Kaiju, could not have imagined what was unfolding..
We descended into Los Angeles in the dead of night through the rear hatch of a C-130 transport. We formed a circle, using the smoke emitted from our feet as a landmark, and descended into the black clouds. Occasionally, a glare of light leaked out from beneath the cloud, like a bolt of lightning, or something more dazzling and terrifying than that. It felt as if we were descending into the depths of hell.
And we,
And then we saw it.
We were just running for our lives, just trying to survive. Many of us didn't make it out alive.
How did I make it out alive?

David A. McDonald (then citizen of Los Angeles)

From my house I had a night view of Los Angeles. As soon as the

gunfire started, something flashed. A light like a lightning bolt. When I went outside, the streets of Los Angeles, which usually shone brighter than the stars, were submerged in darkness. Intermittent sounds of artillery fire echoed. Then the light came again. A light that seemed to tear the world in two. It was as if a camera flash had been fired right in front of me. I closed my eyes. I fell to the ground, shielding my wife, as the roar and crash came. I heard the roar of a terrifying beast. It was different from any animal's roar, and once I heard it, it never left my ears. I was terrified. I thought the world had ended. When I opened my eyes, the streets of Los Angeles were gone. The familiar skyscrapers were nowhere to be seen. It was as if they had vanished... I had no idea what had happened. How could I know? The heat rays of the Kaiju had made it impossible for me to see what had happened.

I can't believe the city was just erased -in its entirety...

Andy A. Antonio (then citizen of Los Angeles)

I knew that someday, footage of monsters would be worth a fortune. It was a chance to get rich. Since the monster onslaught, taxes have gotten heavier, and the cost of medical care has gone up. My mother was suffering from cancer. But the doctors didn't do much more than give her some painkillers. Fighting the Kaiju, so people who don't need to fight the Kaiju should just die? No kidding. I can't just leave her to die.

The evacuation order had already been issued, but it didn't matter. It was all about monsters.

It seemed that three monsters were approaching the city at once. This was a rare opportunity. If I could capture at least one of the three together on film, I would surely be able to sell it for a very high price! I'm sure I could sell it for a ton of money. Then I could even get the money to take Mom to the doctor. That's what I thought.

But there were a lot of people on the roof of the building who thought the same thing. They had huge lenses like cannons. My equipment was poor. I didn't even have digital equipment. Since that time, the military had always given priority to this type of equipment, and those that came to the civilian market were priced ridiculously high, so all I had was the old 8mm film my grandfather had left me.

Even looking through the camera as best I could, I could just make out something glowing in the harbor.

The world was momentarily turned to daylight. I had never seen such a dazzling light. The world regained its color. A ray of light shot through the sky, and the next moment, with a whimper, all the lights in the city went out. The digital cameras of the people around me suffered

the same fate. It's funny to think about it now, but the people around me were panicking about their cameras breaking before they could even think about what had happened.
The heat rays of Godzilla's light ・・・・・ simultaneously

generate powerful electromagnetic waves that can cause fatal damage to electronic equipment. The meager human resources of the time, especially the unprocessed consumer products before the Barusaldos supplied the technology, would not have been able to handle it.

No one would have expected the Kaiju to attack electronically.
At that time, humanity relied almost exclusively on electronic devices for information transmission, and the loss of such devices would have meant the sudden loss of sight and hearing. On that day, Godzilla appeared before mankind for the first time and thoroughly devastated Los Angeles. In fact, everything was decided by that first heat ray. In fact, everything was decided by that first heat ray. No radios, no telephones, no cars would work. In fact, the electronic locks on the shelters had failed, and many citizens were trapped.
I was desperate. Godzilla was a threat, but so were the people around me. I was afraid of what they would do to me if they knew I was the only one with an intact camera.
I ran down from the top of the building. The suddenness of the situation confused everyone, and the roadblocks were broken in many places, so it was relatively easy to approach the sea. All the while, that terrible roar echoed over and over again.
And each time the night turned into day.
Then I saw him.
The king of monsters.
Godzilla.
Dark and pitch-black, its body like a tree that has lived for thousands of years. It glowed like a dull metal in the firelight. I caught it on camera as it mercilessly showered the back of the fleeing monster,..Baragon, with heat rays. I don't know how it survived at such close range. It wasn't long before the entire city of Los Angeles was engulfed in flames. I became the first man in the world to capture Godzilla on film.
Mankind's natural enemy.
Everyone wanted to know about the mysterious glowing monster that had destroyed Los Angeles in a single day. It is probably the most replayed film ever shot by mankind. Ah. I got rich, just as I had hoped. Thanks to you, I have not had to work out until this very day. I was able to give my sons a proper education. My older son even got a ticket on the Oratio. Instead of dying in the streets, I can now die in a hospital bed

(Note 1). It's great. Except for the fact that I couldn't save her. My mother.
Godzilla's heat rays hit the underground shelter. There must have been nothing left. There was nothing left. Not even a piece of bone.
Damn.
Why didn't I go back to my mom that night? Why didn't I just leave the camera at home and go save my mom?

Note 1: Andy had a long battle with radiation damage caused by the radiation Godzilla emitted and died two weeks after this investigation was conducted.
Stuart Maxon, (then commander, 4th Combat Wing, United States Air Force)

The first thing we had to do was accept the facts. Suddenly there was no contact with Los Angeles. We knew for sure that something extraordinary was going on, but we had no idea what it was. Soon information began to trickle in, but we didn't believe it right away.
A heat-spewing monster that could cleave skyscrapers like butter was now attacking Los Angeles, and it would be the first time in history that a monster had ever attacked the city.
It's just a mess of information. It can't be true. That's what we all thought at first. But then, little by little, images began to come in, albeit from a telephoto lens.
The familiar silhouette of Los Angeles was nowhere to be seen. Like a shortcake with only the strawberries eaten up, the buildings that should have been there were nowhere to be seen, and instead, the sky was bright red with raging flames. The image was disrupted by the occasional bolt of lightning that shot from the ground into the sky.
I ordered the B-2, which had already launched, to attack. Ah. At that time, B-2s equipped with Bunker Buster IIs, modified for use against Kaiju, were on standby at air bases throughout the United States, ready to scramble at the first sign of a monster. We were still unaware of the seriousness of the situation. No matter what kind of monster it was, there was nothing that could not be defeated by air strikes. Or so we thought.
However, not long after we received word from an F-35 escort that a B-2 had been shot down. It seemed that the heat rays from the B-2 had grazed it at close range, causing a malfunction in its electronic equipment. But the truly astonishing report was something else.
--The Bunker Buster II hit the target, but was ineffective. At first I could not believe the report. All I could think was that maybe I didn't hit the target, or that the angle or something was wrong. I

ordered anotherattack,andmoredamagewasdoneinvain.The result was the same.

The BunkerBusterII,hitbutwasineffective.
I could seethecommandcentergrowingrestless.
We will neverbeabletodefeatthismonster,willwe?
Such fearwasquietlycontagious.

Greg G. Norton,(thenacitizenofSanFrancisco)

WhentheordertoevacuateSanFranciscowasissued, few people actuallytookitseriously.Ithinkonlyafewpeoplewent to the shelters, letaloneevacuated.Rumorshadbeencirculatingalllast night that Los Angeleshadbeendestroyedbyafire-breathingmonster, but almost noonetookitseriously.Imean,howfardoyouthinkitisfrom L.A. to San Francisco?TheAirForcewouldtakecareofitinthemeantime. Something like that.

Wewerealreadyusedtomonsters.That'swhatwethought at that time

Ifthearmycameoutandfiredmissiles,theKaijuwoulddie. That's what wethought.
Wedidn'tknowwhatarealmonsterwas.
Bythetimewefoundout,itwastoolate.TheTransamerica Pyramidwashitbyoneofhisheatrays,anddebrisraineddown on our heads.

Sometimesitwastoolateforanything.
Ishouldhavegottenoutoftheresooner.
Iwasafool.
Wewouldhavehadplentyoftimetoescape.
Ifwehad,wewouldnothavelostourfamilies.

Michael Logan, (San Francisco resident at the time)

WhenIcrawledoutofmycollapsedapartmentbuilding, San FranciscohadalreadybeenturnedintoapileofrubblebyGojira. All I couldseewasGodzilla'sbackashereturnedtotheseaafterdestroying everything in his path.
I think to myself that I had somehow managed.

Butthefigurewasoutofthisworld.Itwassogreat,sodivine, that iftherewassuchathingasGodincarnate,itwasnoneotherthan him.

• • • • • •

Kenneth C.Spring, then-CaptainHuey,AegisDestroyer,United States Navy

After Godzilla disappeared into the sea after destroying San Francisco and Los Angeles, my ship, which was on patrol along the West Coast, was ordered to find and track it.
But even though it was such a giant ・・・・・・ and had left so many traces before it appeared in Los Angeles. He had disappeared. He is not just a beast. He has a clear intelligence. He must have realized that we humans were looking for him. That's why he was able to disappear...
After destroying Los Angeles and San Francisco, Godzilla was recognized as the greatest threat to the United States. Its detection and eradication became the top priority above all other missions. The Seventh Fleet in the Far East and the Fifth Fleet, which had been dealing with the chaos following the Indo-Pacific War, were also dismantled. Four or more carrier strike groups were permanently attached to the West Coast in search of Godzilla.
Even so, the whereabouts of the monster was unknown at first. Occasionally there were reports of the discovery of a monster, but all that were found were specimens of the Big Octopus or Ebirah. Within a year, however, three submarines went missing without a single clue. It was definitely the work of ..... him.
What do you think is so terrifying about Godzilla? Is it its heat rays that burn everything? Or is it its body, which defies all attacks? No, not if you ask me. Despite his massive size, he was stealthier than the most advanced stealth fighters and attack submarines of the time. His body absorbs all radio waves, making him undetectable by radar. Somehow, it is almost invisible to infrared rays, except when it is firing heat rays. Radiation, too. This means that most precision-guided weapons are useless. Underwater detection is even more difficult. I don't know how it works, but he can move through the water quieter and faster than a conventional-powered submarine, let alone a nuclear submarine. I don't know the principle. Some say it has some kind of electromagnetic propulsion. All we can say is that an individual equipped with a weapon of mass destruction, capable of destroying a megalopolis with a single shot, can suddenly appear out of the water without being detected and launch a preemptive strike. That's him. It has perfect stealth, unbeatable defenses, no resupply requirements, and an inexhaustible arsenal of weapons of mass destruction.

It is a nightmare.

One year after the Los Angeles attack.
He showed up again.

300 kilometers off the coast of Washington State. More importantly, right in the middle of a carrier strike group. A flash of light pierced the aircraft carrier USS Harry S. Truman. At first we thought it was

lightning, but it was not. He hit the nuclear-powered carrier ship right under it. A frontal attack
More than a dozen missile cruisers, Aegis destroyers, and submarines formed a defense system ... the most solid sea base in the human defense network. An absolutely impenetrable barrier. Godzilla easily penetrated it and, without a second thought, roared down the most powerful surface combatant ship ..... a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier.

Harry S. Truman sank at right angles into the sea, its bow propped up like a tombstone, spilling its onboard aircraft in tatters.
And that was just the beginning of the tragedy. Having sank three aircraft carriers in one fell swoop, he once again landed in the United States, destroying Seattle.....
Todd N. Simon, United States Army, Special Formation Armored Division, Tank Corps (at the time)

Ever heard of the "Battle of Kursk?" Yes. Between Germany and the Soviet Union during World War II.
The largest tank battle in history took place at the Battle of Lebanon. It is said that a battle of that scale will never be fought again.
The battle that should never have happened was the Battle of Colorado Springs. Total war. Yes, that battle in January 2031 was truly a decisive battle.
Every possible weapon was mobilized. Army, Navy, Air Force, and even state armies were mobilized. All kinds of weapons. From tanks to infantry fighting vehicles, self-propelled artillery, and tanks, not only the latest M4A1, but also the M1, which was one generation old; where did they get it all from? There is even a 24-round self-propelled rocket launcher, which should have been retired long ago... even the earliest models. All together, they could have reached 6,000 lorries in Kursk. Aircraft were no slouch either. Fighter planes, attack planes, drones, rotary-wing aircraft.

It really looked like all the weapons in the U.S. were gathered there...
Seattle, which had been thoroughly fortified in preparation for the Godzilla attack, fell easily. It was now all or nothing but all-out warfare, a combined assault of all possible U.S. forces. The top brass must have thought so.

We somehow knew that this was the last decisive battle. If we couldn't win even with all the power we had gathered, then ..... there was only one power left that we could rely on.
But it was a power that we should never use.

The current human race is completely out of its mind, but that is essentially a weapon whose use would mean defeat itself.

I don't blame ・・・・・・ for saying this. By the way, you know what the worst thing you can do is when you're using it?

You know; Sequential deployment of forces. You must use your forces as collectively as possible. It is the most foolish of all the foolish things to do when employing military forces, to go out in small batches and be destroyed individually. The army at that time faithfully carried out that principle. That's right. That is why we abandoned everything west of Colorado Springs. Portland, Salt Lake City, Las Vegas,..whatever, there are even stories that Godzilla was deliberately led to Colorado Springs to buy time for the army to gather there. As you can imagine, I don't believe it.

The attack began before dawn on December 24. The commander-in-chief inspired us to win this battle and celebrate Christmas. We will finish the war before Christmas. When in the history of the world has that ever been true?

Our mission as a tank platoon was to escort a self-propelled artillery company that was positioned behind a mountain. You know the nickname for artillery, right? That's right. Goddess of the Battlefield. We were knights protecting her, so to speak. But in the end, we didn't fire a single shot. Just when we thought the battle was about to begin on the other side of the mountain, the next thing we knew, the whole mountain that had been our cover was blown away by his heat rays. We were more concerned about surviving the landslide than fighting the monster. And then our entire position was destroyed.

Decisive Battle. Total war.

Maybe we were the only ones who thought so. I think that mankind's desperate resistance was just like stepping on an ant's nest for him.

How in the world should we fight it? With a being that can change the terrain with a single heat ray? We can't even hide, let alone avoid it. When he swiped at it with a single heat ray, the raging shockwave and electromagnetic waves blew up vehicles on the ground as lightly as paper, and aircraft fell to the ground in a flurry. Ah. The military said they had taken measures against electromagnetic waves, but that was the end of it if you were shot at close range. You couldn't even get close, and the whole hidden mountain would be shot through. It was a fight between a child and an adult, no, between God and an insect. That's not a fight.

When we finally got out of the tanks buried in the sand and sand, we found that everything had been swept away in one night.

Are you kidding me, this is Colorado Springs, Colorado, USA? Isn't

this the moon or Mars?

I heard him roar from far away.

We lost. We can't beat him with our normal forces.

And if we can't...

What would the brass do?

It was obvious what they would do.

God." I couldn't help but pray. I hadn't been to church in over a decade. Elliott Force, then United States Army Mixed National Guard Division, National Guard

I don't want to call him a monster. Calling him a monster is like calling both fireworks and ballistic missiles rockets just because they both use gunpowder to fly.

He is not a monster. It is something much, much scarier than a monster. I don't fear monsters. A monster is a living thing, just a big, stupid creature, and if you put a 30mm gatling in it, it will bleed. If that's not enough, you can bring anti-ship missiles, bunker busters, and the like. That's all there is to it. There is no monster that mankind cannot kill. But not him. I saw it with my own eyes.

I've seen A-10s fire 30mm Avenger rounds, I've seen a squadron of M4A1s fire 150mm rounds, and I've seen B-2s pound bunker busters into the ground. And yet, no matter what wounds they take, they heal instantly. Why, why can't we kill him? Is he not a creature? Is he not of this world? Are you trying to tell me he's a god?

Barbara Lantis, then United States Air Force Reserve Corps and Transport Pilot

This was not the first time humans had used nuclear weapons against Kaiju. It wasn't even the first time at the hands of the United States.

In 2024. The United States decided to use tactical nuclear weapons to protect Japanese citizens in South Korea against Maguma, a monster that had destroyed North Korea and was approaching Seoul, South Korea. At that time, when a South Korean government official protested that the U.S. was taking the liberty of using nuclear weapons on another country's territory, a senior U.S. military official in South Korea said, "If the situation had been the same, we would have used nuclear weapons. If the situation were the same, I would do the same thing here in New York".

But no way.

No way.

I can't believe that they would actually use nuclear weapons on their own soil.

I would have to be the one to do it.

..... Are you really Japanese?

Yes, I am. My grandmother was born in Japan. In Hiroshima, right after the war. Yes. The first city in the world where nuclear weapons were used. My grandmother's mother was there and became a hibakusha. She survived, but her body was so radioactive that she died shortly after giving birth to my...grandmother. My great-grandfather was a medical doctor in the U.S. Army, and he was very concerned about the effects of nuclear weapons on the human body.

He came to Japan to study the effects of nuclear weapons on the human body. He must have felt guilty when he saw the horrors that his country had caused. ..... He took my grandmother back to his country as his own family, and she eventually married and gave birth to my mother.

He was a gentle man, but he only opposed me when I told him I was going to join the army. But I wanted to protect my country ..... and above all, my family.

I told my grandmother, "This is not about killing each other. This is not a fight between humans killing each other.

This is a battle against monsters. People from all over the world are going to fight together. I am going to be a transport pilot. My job is to bring food and clothes to those in need.

He said he would never drop a nuclear bomb on the city where my grandma was born. That's how ・・・・・・ I am .....

Most of the big, ugly, fat B-5s had been decommissioned

because they were too useless for fighting Kaiju. So, I made a hasty modification to my C-1 Globemaster to create a makeshift nucleus, the Yuuki.

Yes.

150 250 kiloton class warheads, a concentrated attack that the B-2 couldn't even carry.

It was made into an attack aircraft.

…Indianapolis is the city where I was born. The city where my

grandma grew up.

My grandma was born in a city destroyed by a nuke, and the nuke took the city she grew up in. A nuke dropped by her own granddaughter.

Keith Grisham, then Military Advisor to the President, United States Army

What was used against Godzilla were 150 250 kiloton class W 2

thermonuclear warheads that had been secretly developed specifically for use against the monster. If I tell you that the Little Boy dropped on Hiroshima was 15 kilotons and the Fat Man on Nagasaki was 2 kilotons, you will understand the sinfulness of what we did. 150 shots at a time. The power was calculated to be 40 megatons.

That's enough power to level Indianapolis, that historic city, but in exchange, we would surely, surely defeat him.

In the lecture room of the White House, with the President and other government officials, I watched over the monitors as the abominable mushroom clouds rose.

I imagined the beautiful city beneath being obliterated without a trace. The evacuation of the inhabitants had been completed...that was what they had told the soldiers, but in reality, many people remained there. They would rather die together than abandon the land where they were born and raised.

I wallowed and begged in the powerlessness of myself. Sinfulness. Oh, yes. I thought it was over. I didn't even doubt it.

Who could have imagined that any living thing could withstand megatons of shock, heat, and radiation? But...soon our telephoto lens caught sight of it.

Godzilla roaring at ground zero.

“My God Jesus” "O God," "O God," "Son of God."

That was all everyone could say.

Suddenly, there was a sound of laughter.

It was the president himself.

“It is the Beast of the Apocalypse. God has sent it to bring judgment on mankind. It is the end. The time of destruction has come. Everyone, everyone will die. He will kill us all.

Abruptly, he said something like that. In hindsight, he may have been the world's first Godzillian. Those damned doomsayers.

We were all taken aback. That's why we didn't make it.

"I don't want to be in this horrible world ・・・・・・ God forgive me."

With that, the President put a pistol in his mouth and quickly pulled the trigger. In a time of unprecedented crisis in the United States, the man who had to be the strongest was the first to run away.

In the end, everything turned out as he said.

We cannot kill Godzilla, and we are about to be destroyed by him. Frankly, I think he made the right choice. I should have pulled the trigger with him at that time. Then I would not have had to watch humanity perish.

Maurice Butler, Infantryman, 1st Mechanized Infantry Regiment, Army of

the French Republic (at the time)
After disappearing in the Gulf of Mexico, Godzilla appeared in Europe a year later. For a year after the virtual destruction of the United States, the European Union tried with all its might to find a way to defeat Godzilla, but in the end, nothing came of it.
There was no way to defeat that bastard, who could not be killed by the combined might of the U.S. forces or by a nuclear attack capable of disrupting the global environment What followed were 34 years of fighting, a total EU offensive, an all-out assault by the EU, and a battle for the lives of the people of Europe.
Although it had a name like "Bali Defense," in reality it was nothing more than a stall.

What else could they have done against a nuclear-tolerant creature?
Marni Günev, African refugee (at the time)

The port of Dunkirk was filled with people trying to escape to England. They were trying to get to the port of Dunkerque using anything that could be named a boat, from warships or cruise ships to crude fishing boats to rubber boats.
I was reminded of the Strait of Gibraltar. We refugees trying to escape from Africa to Europe recklessly paddled out to sea in crude boats, and many drowned. The exact same thing was happening in Dunkirk. I thought it was a good thing.

You Europeans should know what we refugees are going through.

That's how my father and mother drowned at sea.

Now it is your turn. That's what I thought.

When Godzilla eventually approached, I was not afraid. I saw a line of cars jammed on the highway, all burned up by the heat rays.

They were all blown away without a trace.

I thought it was a much prettier way to die than drowning in the ocean and washing up on some beach in a hideous drowned body.

But I did not die.

"Hey, what are you doing, you want to die?

A white man who looked like a bear grabbed me and carried me into the water as if he were carrying a package.

He said, "We can get one more person on board, a girl!

He put me on a small fishing boat and stayed behind.

I stayed behind with the people who had left my father and mother to die.

And the people who gave up their lives to save mine.

And they were both from the same Europe.

Ivan Ilyich Pavlov. (Commander of the 13th Rocket Division, Strategic Missile Forces of the Russian Federation (at the time)

It is not too late. We must launch an all-out assault on Godzilla with all the thermonuclear weapons in the possession of mankind. No matter how strong his body tissues are and how extraordinary his regenerative abilities are, there is always a limit. Environmental impact? The destruction of mankind in a nuclear winter? Nonsense. We can think of all kinds of ways to deal with such things after Godzilla is defeated.

In 2034, our Russia should have been able to defeat Godzilla. We were almost ready to launch our great Russian ballistic missile arsenal at Gojira. All that was needed was an order from His Excellency the President, and that would have been the end of it. If not for the cowardly coup d'etatists and the interference of the clever EU... You do not believe in the deception that the disappearance of Moscow was caused by the misfiring of our ballistic missiles, do you? No, I do not. Our country was dastardly hit by a nuclear attack. I don't know if it was the French, the British, or the US imperialists. But if it had not been for that...mess, our Russia would have made Godzilla disappear. Obviously. Hmmm. Well, it is true that had the attack taken place, Western Europe and its inhabitants would have been sacrificed nobly. But so what? The result would have been the same. Europe has been destroyed, the earth's population has fallen to 10% of its peak, and Godzilla is still alive. Idiots. If I had pressed the switch, even if the result would be the same, I could have killed Godzilla alone.

Page 150

You sick bastards. How can this battle end until either Gojira or mankind is destroyed, unless you are prepared to defeat that bastard! Listen, it's not too late. I know. We know that you imperialists calling yourselves the Earth Alliance have secured our Russian nukes. Use them. Use it now. It's not too late, don't repeat the mistakes of 2034. Burn Godzilla... burn Godzilla... with nuclear fire.

Let it go. What are you doing? I'm not finished. What have I done? I don't need treatment! Let me go! I am now in command of Operation Godzilla! I will use all the nuclear weapons on the planet to burn the entire planet to the ground! Then mankind will have won!

Chapter 3: Contact

From the speech of the first Coalition Prime Minister Matthias Jackson at the ceremony commemorating the establishment of the United Earth Government
(2039)

Half a century ago, the 21st century was another name for hope. The long Cold War between the United States and the Soviet Union had ended, and humanity was free from the fear of all-out nuclear war. A future called the 21st century lay before us, where harmony and prosperity, progress and development would await us.

But just before the 20th century came to an end, that illusion was unceremoniously shattered. On that day in May of 1997, right here on the island of Manhattan in New York City, we were confronted by an unknown threat: the Kaiju!
In just a quarter of a century since the advent of the monsters, we have lost the continents of Africa and Australia, and two-thirds of our population. But, as you know, even that was only the beginning of the disaster that befell us.
The monster Godzilla appeared in 2030 and laid waste to the North American continent and even burned Western Europe. Humans, who had arrogantly proclaimed themselves to be the rulers of the earth and the monarchs of all things, easily fell from that throne in the face of the monster threat, and now we can only await our extinction.
Foolishly, we humans were on the brink of extinction, and yet we could not join hands with each other. In the United States, devastated by Godzilla's attack, several forces fought over the legitimacy of each other. The same thing was happening in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The surviving humans fought each other for water, food, and security. They fled into futile conflicts, turning away from the real horrors that they really had to fight. And in many cases, the monsters trampled us all down together.

If we had not been foolish enough to wake up, we would have perished, not by the monsters, but by our own hands.

We are standing here today because we have friends who reached out to us.

Exif from Perseus BD+°48 740 stellar system 4 planet Exiphilcus from Cygnus V1357 stellar system 3 planet Bilsardia from Bilsardo.

From initial contact in New York in 2035 and in London in 2036, we made successive contacts with our friends from other planets. Humanity is not alone. The moment that has been recounted in so many films has

finally become a reality.

Two species, both lost to their home planet, had finally arrived on our planet after a long wandering journey. These two races had the scientific prowess to achieve interstellar travel, a feat that mankind had not yet even begun to achieve. With their technology, it would have been easy for them to exterminate or even dominate the human race, which was being hunted down by monsters. But our friends, Exif and Barusaldo, reached out to us.

From Africa, from the Middle East, from East Asia, from Europe, from the East Coast of America. They have rescued multitudes from the jaws of monsters or from starvation and pestilence. They did so in spite of the danger of their actions, and in fact, in spite of the noble sacrifices made by some of them.

There are many of you who would not be standing here without their dedication. It is through them that we have barely managed to stay on the brink of destruction. We have been able to survive, in part, because they have provided us with their superior science and technology. But there is something even more precious, my inner voice says. Yes, they have taught us. Above all, they taught us. It is in truly difficult times that we must join hands. Unselfish devotion to others is the most precious thing to humanity and the source of our infinite strength to overcome all hardships.

Exif and Barusaldo are benefactors of our planet. But in what capacity should we express our gratitude to them? As citizens of some country? Or on behalf of our own people? No.

My inner voice says no. If we do not thank our friends from another planet, we, as earthlings, have no choice but to offer it!

We have no choice but to give it. It is here that we finally realized that race and national borders no longer matter in the face of the global threat of Kaiju. We must face it as earthlings with our friends from other planets.

The battle against Kaiju is still in progress. Many people around the world are still under the threat of Kaiju or are left behind in the midst of starvation and pestilence. We, the citizens of the Earth, together with our brothers and sisters in Exif and Barusaldo, must destroy the Kaiju, save our people, and return the Earth to our hands.

It will not be an easy road, but we are no longer alone. But we are no longer alone. We will overcome all difficulties and surely win the battle against the monsters.

The history books of future generations will surely write that the World Kaiju Wars of the 21st century were a test imposed on the Earth's human race. That the people of Earth overcame these difficulties together with their alien friends and created the first united Earth

government, thus laying the foundation for the peace and prosperity that has endured to this day. This day will go down in the history books as the most important day in the history of mankind. I, Mathias Jackson, hereby proclaim the establishment of the United Earth Government of Earthlings, Exifs, and Barusaldo as its first Prime Minister.

(Addendum)

Contact with extraterrestrial life. It has been repeatedly depicted in numerous fictions, and it happened successively in New York in 2035 and in London in 2036.
For the purposes of this document, this chapter is somewhat exceptional. The testimonies collected here are not about mankind's natural enemies, the monsters, but about one earthling who led us to the brink of extinction at the hands of them, and our neighbor from a distant planet who reached out to us. The testimonies collected here are not about the celestial enemies of mankind, but about one earthling who led us to the brink of extinction by them, and our neighbors from a distant planet, Exif and Bilsaludo, who reached out to us.
The Exifs, with their technology for predicting the future based on a unique mathematical system called Gematria arithmetic and their religion based on devotion to others, and the Barusaldo, with their superior scientific and industrial technology. Through the cooperation of these two alien races, mankind was barely able to stay on the brink of extinction.

With a hero, mankind has finally made up its mind to fight together against the global enemy of monsters.

But such technologies, because they are so easy to understand, can mask what is truly important that they have given us.
Or even what they have accomplished. Perhaps an Exifor a devotee of their teachings would call it devotion. Or we might call it fraternity or philanthropy.

To be in danger of despair and still try to save others who are not oneself.

I believe that it is this attitude that humanity has regained with the advent of a hero and the encounter with two aliens.

I hope that the testimonies I have collected will convey even a little of this.

2035 New York, United States of America
Record of Hayato Hamamoto, (former UN Official)

Matthias Jackson.
His name is remembered as the most recent hero in human history, having played a leading role in the establishment of the United Earth Government. However, when we look back at his career, we are surprised to find that he lived a modest life, hardly the life of a hero or a great man. He was neither a politician nor a military veteran, but rather an ordinary man who had been appointed to the position of Secretary General of the United Nations by chance. Many historiographies describe his life as a period of quiet contemplation of what was to come. Like a wise cat hiding its claws, he was waiting for "the right moment.

However, Hayato Hamamoto, a long-time close associate of Matthias Jackson, gave me a very different picture of Matthias than such a "legend". Perhaps this is a disappointment to those who have grown up hearing legends. But I thought the opposite. Matthias Jakson is just another human being, and not a distant one at that. If so, we too could be like him and follow in his footsteps.
Hayato:

At that time, the North American continent was in the midst of turmoil.
The damage caused by Gojira's attack was enormous, but what was most troublesome was the high level of radioactive contamination left behind by the creature. In some places, the radiation levels were lethal. Moreover, there was a lack of equipment to measure this invisible god of death. The abnormal weather conditions were compounded by the spread of starvation throughout the country, and unknown contagious diseases were beginning to spread. Without knowing what was safe and what was not, the United States was divided into states, and in some cases cities, towns, and villages, fighting each other over scarce resources. It was a Hobbesian mess, a struggle of 10,000 against 10,000. At that time, more than a dozen men have been identified who proclaimed themselves President of the United States. More than a hundred regions, large and small, declared their independence from the United States. San Francisco, for example, was crowned by an emperor. Canada was relatively free, but it too received large numbers of refugees from the United States and Europe, and was being monitored by some very nasty people. The Western Axis League .....? I can't bring

myself to call that bunch of marauders by their own name.
“But more serious was the deep sense of defeat," you wrote in your book. “The president, who was supposed to be a symbol of unity, took his own life. The people were whispering that Gojira was the biblical beast of the apocalypse and enjoying their own doom. What was needed was a hero.
A hero who could once again stand up to the people and tell them to stand and fight. A hero to inspire the people that we are not yet defeated."
It's a cliché. I didn't write that book. I was a writer hired by the government. I never thought of Matthias as a hero. He was just an ordinary man.
What do you know about him? The man who led the United States to reunification? The head of state of the first ever united earth government? A hero of human unity? It makes me cringe to hear him praised like that, because the man I know is just an ordinary man. Because the man I know is petty, cowardly, and, yes, I know of no one more qualified to be called incompetent than he. He is so incompetent and so lacking in the wisdom to do evil that he is at least harmless. It was convenient to keep him as a decorative representative. He was that good.

Think about it. If he was considered a reasonably competent man, how could he have been appointed Secretary General of the United Nations in the year 2035? When Europe was destroyed by Gojira, and indeed long before that, the UN had almost completely ceased to function.

The permanent members of the UN Security Council, with the exception of the U.S. and the U.K., were destroyed, and even the U.S. was in a state of disarray. The only other major members that are still alive are Japan, Canada, and Brazil and other South American countries.
Neither the Security Council nor the General Assembly had met in quite some time. Only the UNHCR was actively working to protect refugees, but they had only one request to make to the UN top brass: "Don't interfere with our actions.”
And Marty Mathias did exactly that. After his family was found dead in the devastated Miami, he began to flee to alcohol. He spends all day in his dimly lit office looking at photos of his family from the past. But can you blame him? Even the President of the United States has run away from this apocalypse, so why shouldn't Marty follow suit? Yes, it was definitely a slow suicide. He just didn't have the cowardice to put a bullet in his own head, and he wouldn't have lasted a year at most if he had continued with that lifestyle. The turning point came suddenly.

It was May, about four months before EXIF appeared over the UN building. Spring had come late, the skies were already rarely clear, and we were living in fear of the radioactive materials that were silently pouring down. It was during this time that he had his "revelation".
"I follow my inner voice." "My inner voice says so. Haven't you heard that? That's right. That's what Matthias has been saying. Since that May. It's not a metaphor or anything. Marty actually heard it. The voice of God. The voice of fate. Whatever you want to call it, but whatever you want to call it, it was the voice of a higher being. Ah, yes. Jeanne d'Arc, the saint who became the savior of medieval France. Matthias is like her. You look surprised. I can tell.
You don't want to believe that "auditory hallucinations" were the catalyst for the formation of the Earth Coalition. Matthias knew this, and he seldom mentioned it. Matthias knew this and rarely mentioned it, except to close friends.
It had been many months since I had talked to Matthias without him smelling of alcohol. When he emerged from his office for the first time in weeks, he looked as if something had fallen off of him. ------ No, no, it was the opposite. He looked like he was possessed by something.
Typical of a certain kind of person. I have a heaven-given mission, and it is my duty to accomplish it, no matter how difficult and lonely the path may be, and only through its accomplishment will my life be fulfilled. The eyes of one who has set himself a mission, not based on anything, but on himself. The eyes that should be the furthest away from the true Matthias.

"I heard a voice. Rebuild the United States of America and make it the cornerstone of a united global state."
That's what he said.
I wanted to laugh at his joke.
"I will convene a meeting of the United Nations Security Council.
"We'll send UN peacekeepers to the United States to clean up this mess.
What he said was, in fact, logical. The United States was indeed divided, but the East Coast states, fortunately, remained mostly intact.
The United States is indeed divided, but the East Coast states, fortunately, remain largely intact. Unlike Europe, Asia, and Africa, it is still possible to rebuild. And that was perhaps the last turning point. In a world divided by monsters, it was time to decide whether all mankind would fight and fight in Hobbesian chaos, or whether they would once again be able to work hand in hand.

Two weeks later, the Security Council met and passed his proposal. It was a total farce. I can assure you, the whole thing is a sham.

They couldn't even get a good representation from the permanent members of the Council. The Russian delegation was terrible. A low-level

official of the Russian government, who had escaped from Siberia via Alaska, was forced to become a representative.
But anyway, the UN Security Council passed a resolution. And it gave the East Coast government grounds to claim that it was the legitimate government of the United States. That is exactly what they wanted. Within days, the East Coast and Canadian governments launched an offensive against the "West" in the name of UN peacekeeping forces. Yes, I know. I know. I told you at the beginning. They are just a bunch of thugs. They would never have had any grandiose goal of controlling North America or anything like that. But, you know what? The unity of mankind requires an evil empire. If not, someone else will. And Matthias, the fool, could believe it with all his heart.

It wasn't long after that that Exif showed up in New York. In hindsight, it was just in time. Think about it. What would have happened if Exif had shown up without the formal structure of the UN and the countries that obeyed its resolutions?
Perhaps the Exif would have directly redeemed mankind. We could have thanked our savior, the Exif, and acknowledged them as our rulers.
However, the next year, 2036, a second alien, Barsaldo, appeared in London. I imagined the worst. A conflict between the Exifs, who rule North America, and the Barsaldo, who rule Europe, and the humans who have become their pawns.
I think this could have been avoided if Matthias had been able to demonstrate the UN's presence as a representative of the nations of the world, even if only in a small way. In fact, this is the most important part of Matthias' achievement. The rest is just a performance. The rest is just a performance.
After 2036, with the help of Exif and Bilsaldo, the restructuring and reintegration of human society began. All the remaining resources of the North American continent, including human resources, were concentrated on the East Coast, and preparations began for the recapture of Europe. The UN peacekeeping forces, UNHCR, EXIF, and Barusaludo worked together to rescue refugees from all over the world.
What was our Matthias Jackson doing? He did nothing. He was not capable of taking a leadership role there. It was doubtful that he understood even the rudiments of military and logistics. So he threw everything to his subordinates, and I was the one who was thrown to him.
And I was the one who got thrown out, and I went on the trip. Yes, the "Grand Pilgrimage". “The Grand Pilgrimage". He walked at the head of the UN peacekeeping forces, retracing the route Godzilla had overrun in reverse. He just kept on going. The UN's supreme leader, after all, was like an infantryman, unfleeting and marching ahead.

It is truly a miracle that the Supreme Leader of the United Nations, in a roundabout way, was not killed by the numerous Kumonga and Kamacuras on his way across the nation.
And, his efforts, despite the challenges, paid off. There were many independent forces within the United States. We needed to unite them as intact as possible. One evil empire is enough in the West. But what about the other side? The UN forces, after all, are the same people who abandoned us. Now they are coming to order us to abandon the land we have finally carved out and move to the East Coast. And with the threat of other alien saucers. It would be very difficult to convince them to join.

So Matthias had no choice but to go to them personally and persuade them. A poor man, unarmed and without a gun, arrives in a battered suit and asks for help in rebuilding the human race. Then the survivors who had survived in the wilderness put down their guns in disgust. This scene was repeated over and over again, and the surviving television networks played it on a daily basis, as if it were a reality show.
Some cultural anthropologists call Matthias' actions a "reenactment of the myth of the founding of the United States," but I think that's a bunch of nonsense.
Anyway, he spent three years crossing the United States. He crossed the U.S. contaminated by radiation from Godzilla and opened the San Francisco "empire" without bloodshed, without any proper equipment.

In this way, he became a symbol not only of the United States, but also of human unity.
Everything was perfect, as if it had been set up for him, to its completion. The year is 2039. He ordered the establishment of the Earth Union and the launch of Operation Eternal Light, the operation to retake Europe.

Matthias collapsed after ordering the establishment of the United Earth and the launch of Operation Eternal Light to retake Europe. Over the course of three years, he had been poisoned by radiation.
He was a mere decoration. He had no real power, and as a matter of fact, no one would mind if he died. So this is perfect timing. Heroes should die at the peak of their glory, before they make a mistake and lose their cover. That way, they will be immortalized as idols, and their achievements will be eternal.

What was that voice that Marty was hearing?

Perhaps it was just an auditory hallucination, and he was nothing more than a poor man with a mental imbalance.

But what if? What if the voice he was really hearing was God, or fate, or something like that? What a cruel existence that would be.

Fate has used him up. Thoroughly, including his death. That man who couldn't even fool a man, just a good man. Cowardice.
Marty to me is just an incompetent coward.
In the past he would be recorded as a hero. That's what the planet needs now. There is no room on this planet to waste resources.
We need to use everything we can, even dead bodies.
I need to do my best. But I just wish I could have been there for him when he was in his office holding his head and crying. I didn't dislike him at all.
He was a good man. It's good, isn't it? Even if there are people who end up being unable to do anything even in the midst of a human crisis.

If that were the case, someone who should have ended his life in that way would have become a hero. I think that is a tragedy.

2034, Inland United States,
Rev. Joseph Paul (at that time)

The impact of the teachings of the Exif on the human race, which had been shattered by a series of monster appearances and the unimaginable horror of Godzilla, and was on the verge of losing its resistance to extinction, was immeasurable. The largest Exif church in the United Government is the Exif Church. Joseph Paul, the head of the congregation in Rio de Janeiro, home to the largest Exif church in the Union government, was one of the earliest Earthlings to take refuge in the Exif teachings. His testimony seemed to tell us part of the reason why the EXIF teachings have been able to grow so rapidly.

Do you know what the most important thing Godzilla took from us in America? Too many lives, too much land, and too many cities.
Yes. It is a tremendous tragedy that they were lost. But those of us who survived should have been able to make a new life for ourselves. We could have rebuilt our devastated lands and built new cities. But Gojira took from us the driving force we desperately need to rise again.

It is faith.
The United States of America was not only the world's richest and most advanced nation, a superpower and leader of scientific civilization, but also a highly devout religious nation. The country was shaped by the old continent and the Puritans, who fled oppression and sought a new land. Children in school took the oath of allegiance to "the land of the free and just, united under one God," and the president took the oath of office with his hand on the Bible at his inauguration. That was this country.

The people believed in it somewhere.

This country has the grace of God. He would surely protect this country from the threat of monsters. That is exactly what Godzilla shattered.

What is this?
If there is an existence that cannot be killed even with the atomic fire...nuclear weapons created by the wisdom of mankind, then who but God can defeat it? can defeat it?

If, in spite of all this, God's help is not forthcoming. What does that mean then?

One of two things.

God does not exist? For those who lost everything to Godzilla, this was a conclusion they could not possibly accept.
If so, there is only one answer.
Godzilla is the messenger sent by God. This is the time of the apocalypse as prophesied in the Bible. It is God's punishment for mankind, and destruction is its destiny.
Godzillism, Nuclear Warhead-ism, Doomsday-ism...
We were called by many names. There was no unified doctrine, no organization to unite the believers. We were just a group of people who appeared simultaneously and who, if you believe in God, will inevitably come to you.
It was like a plague, so to speak, that would inevitably occur. Yes, it was a plague. It was a contagion, more serious than any disease. How could such a thing be a religion, a faith? A disease that would turn the wisdom and power of mankind toward extinction.
We.
Yes, I was one of those trapped in the disease. In a city where everything had been burned to the ground, where there was no water, food, or fuel, where radioactive poison was silently pouring down, people still came to my church simply because there was a cross on it. Young siblings separated from their parents. Mothers with their babies in their arms. An old woman wrapped in bloody bandages. I looked into the eyes of those seeking salvation and uttered the forbidden words. Instead of encouraging them to face reality and face their difficulties, I gave them a false sense of comfort.

This destruction is predestined. Let us just quietly accept God's judgment.
As in Asia and Africa, the western United States, facing collapse, also experienced human strife, and spilled nuclear warheads burned the country to the ground.
What made the United States' case unique was that its firey anguish was not directed at its enemies, but at itself.

“The door to the Kingdom of Heaven will be opened to souls

purified by nuclear fire."
Such a "doctrine" spread from nowhere, and inland, spilled nuclear warheads scattered across the country exploded, incinerating thousands upon thousands of people who were praying for their deliverance from this world. I, too, believed in such a doctrine and sent many young men and women to their deaths. I sent many young men and women to their deaths, believing in the doctrine, on a journey in search of the Holy Grail. They never returned. Except for one group.
Only one group, led by the One, returned. The priest of Exif, carrying the holy seal of the seven-pointed star and preaching the path of devotion.

I and many other fanatics surrounded them. Apostates who did not accept nuclear purification had to be executed. And yet, that man never showed any sign of fear. With calm, loving eyes, he asked us, "Why did you destroy them?

Why do you seek your own destruction?

Why do you refuse the path of devotion? Every person is born to fulfill his or her own duty, so why do we turn away from it?
Let's put an end to closing our eyes to fear."
That's what I really had to say when people came to my church. I found myself kneeling before him. It was like the scales had fallen from my eyes.

Oh, yes. We had, after all, formed a small community, albeit one supported by the foolish madness that is Godzillism. Then why can't we use it to live rather than to die? We need not despair. Nothing, nothing is lost. If only we had love for our neighbors and devotion to others, we would have it all back.

It was the year 2034. We were probably the earliest people on earth to take refuge in the teachings of Exif. Yes, that's right.
I was saved by him before 2035, when the Exif made official contact with humanity. Unlike the Bilsaludo, the people of Exif had actually been in contact with the people of Earth long, long ago. Perhaps long, long ago. Do you think it is just a coincidence that the Gematria used by the Exifs have the same name as the ancient Hebrew numerology? Perhaps it was an ancient people's attempt to imitate the wisdom of the Exifs. They have been with mankind for a long time. Some of the great men and prophets in the myths and beliefs of various countries may have been...
People say of me that I have converted to the teachings of Exif. More precisely I am sure that I have been rescued from that madness called Godzillism. But you know what? If the Exif have been in contact with human beings and guiding us since long ago, I think all of our beliefs are one in the end.

That is why the teachings of the Exif must have been accepted by so many people.
If we had not been able to regain our faith, the establishment of a United Earth Government would have been a dream come true. And if we had not regained our faith, there is no way we would have been able to carry out our plan to let only a few people escape from the earth.

God. Devotion is the way of salvation.

That is a lesson that will sustain us on our journey of solitude, even in the absolute vacuum of space.

You, the crew of the Aratrum, along with the crew of the Oratio, are symbols of our human devotion.

May God bless you all on your journey.

2036, London, United Kingdom,
Gilbert Mouchet, Hotel Employee (at the time)

One year after the emergence of the Exif, humanity makes contact with extraterrestrial intelligence for the second time. They, the Barusaldo, are recognized by much of humanity as a group of scientists and engineers who have mastered superior science and technology, and a group of military men with iron discipline and spirit. But Gilbert Mouchet, who was present at our first contact with them, tells us of another side of our neighbors.

The two aliens, Barusaldo and Exif, were very different from each other. The Barusaldo, who value rationality, and whose entire tribe are engineers and military men, and who are known for their quality and honesty, and the Exif, all of whom are devoutly religious and embody the doctrine of devotion to others.
The same is true of the way they relate to us, the human race.
While the Exifs actively interacted with ordinary people to spread their teachings to the people of the earth, the Bsrusaldo worked exclusively within the military, so unless you were a military man, you would have had little opportunity to interact with them. I know that people say that Barusaldo are cold-blooded like machines compared to Exif, and that their hearts must be made of steel.
In my opinion, it is an extraordinary thing. The Barusaldo people lost their planet of birth to a black hole and have been wandering for a long time since.

Since then, they have been on a long wandering journey. To endure that journey, they must have had to forge not only their bodies,

but also their spirits, as hard and cold as a rock. But I know. I know that there is warm blood underneath, just like us, maybe even more than us....

This is one of the most carefully preserved bottles in the hotel where I was manager. In 1945, France was barely free of Nazi Germany, but the world was still in the midst of the chaos of World War II, and there was little time for wine making. Ironically, the summer of that year was the hottest in the world, and the weather was perfect for wine. With the shortage of labor, they say they were able to harvest only half as many grapes as they normally would have. The result is a masterpiece of Burgundian wine, Romanée-Conti 1945, made from these rare grapes.

In the fall of the year that Japan surrendered and the war was finally over, the great Charles de Gaulle gave a bottle of the wine of the year of victory to those in attendance at a celebration held at my hotel, and a bottle was left at my hotel. My hotel had ceased to operate as a hotel many years before Godzilla overran Europe. At first, it was open to the refugees that kept pouring in. Then, after Godzilla invaded Europe, it was seized by the EU Allied Forces and became one of their headquarters.

When the EU Allied Forces lost the battle against Godzilla and the fall of Paris became decisive, I wondered why I had to take this one out with me. It was a bottle that symbolized my hotel, so to speak. It was also one of my roots, since my mother was born in the Côte d'Or, where the village of Vosne-Romanée is located. The advent of the monster and a series of extreme weather events forced the closure of many vineyards. The vineyard that is the source of Romanée-Conti was no exception. So, at least this one bottle.... What a foolish decision I made.

I regretted it over and over again.

When I escaped from Dunkirk to England, all I had with me was this one bottle of wine. My wife and sons, who were supposed to be holding my hand, were gone.

If I had not thought of taking such a thing out of the house, my wife and sons might have been safe. I thought over and over again that I should just smash this thing. But I couldn't do it.

I couldn't help but think of my predecessors who had carefully protected this wine for nearly 100 years.

To forget everything, I threw myself into my work. Through the good offices of an acquaintance, I found shelter in a traditional English hotel, which, like my hotel, was a temporary shelter for displaced persons. I knew the language from my job, and there was plenty I could do to help people fleeing not only Europe, but all over the world.

It was the year 2036. A saucer of Barsaldo's people appeared in the sky over London.

I saw five spaceships floating over the rebuilt Westminster Abbey.

'We are Barusaldo. Our home planet, the third planet of the Barusaldo binary star system, was swallowed by a cursed black hole and collapsed. We wish to emigrate to the third planet of our solar system. In return, we promise to destroy Godzilla, the greatest threat to mankind on Earth today.

I could hear those people calling out in English. Strangely enough, I did not feel much surprise. It was partly because the Exif people had already arrived the year before, and partly because they didn't look so different from us human beings. I must have been numb to the...sensation.

I think the reaction of those around us was similar: neither fear that invaders from outer space would take over the earth, nor hope that a savior had appeared to save us from the monster threat. When we are exposed to abject terror for too long, we tend to lose all our human emotions, such as surprise, joy, fear... I was surprised to learn that I had been exposed to such a horror for so long that I had lost all human emotion.

I unexpectedly became involved with the Barusaldo people when it was decided that the hotel where I was staying would be offered to them. I remember feeling confused, but also a little proud. They are our guests who have come to earth after a long journey, and it is the pride of a hotelier to entertain them.

A preliminary dinner was arranged between the EU leaders and the Barusaldo management - the official dinner was held at Buckingham Palace in the presence of His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom.

The chef, however, had a very difficult time. Curiously, although the Barusaldo and we earthlings were similar, they had enhanced their bodies with superior technology to withstand the long voyages. There was no decisive difference, and the majority of human food was still available. However, in their culture, eating was all about nourishment, not culinary enjoyment. When asked, "What is the best way to consume nutrients orally for you?"

They responded, "The restrictions for oral intake of nutrients are as follows"

The answer was, "No, as long as there are no significant deviations from the standard intake of various nutrients, there is no problem."

We were given the same answer as if we had been noshing our noses in a tree.

We didn't know them well enough. When your hometown is swallowed by a black hole and you have no choice but to wander around the universe for a long time without a clue, there is no time to talk about likes and dislikes. They didn't understand such an obvious fact.

The chef managed to prepare a menu for the day, and on the

morning when we were ready to welcome the people of Birsaldo, I suddenly thought of that bottle.

The first contact between humans and aliens.

What more appropriate occasion could there be to offer it? Anyway, I would be lying if I said I had no doubts.
Hmmm...
I had heard that alcohol could be consumed, but I wondered if it would suit their taste buds. What if I offended them and the earth would be conquered by them? Do you laugh at me for worrying too much? But at that time, we knew nothing about the Bilsardo people.

A dinner began between the five of us and five others, including the Birsaldo Dorudo chief.

“We are not familiar with your customs and manners. Forgive us if we are rude.” Although Chief Dordo refused to say so, his mannerisms were familiar, indicating that he had probably done a great deal of research into not only the language, but also our earthling culture. Eventually, the wine was unsealed after nearly 100 years.

I watched with bated breath in the corner of the room as the deep red liquid slid down Chief Dordo's throat.
“Perhaps this is something special you have prepared for us. Unfortunately, our species is not in the habit of enjoying the effects of psychotropic substances, and we have developed a tolerance for them. Therefore, I apologize if I have offended you."
After such a preface, the man said, "Organic crops are fermented and ripened over time. It is an irrational and inefficient process. But perhaps this is what it means to be rich. It may be something our species lost somewhere when we lost our home planet...or long before that. If my race, along with yours, can rid this planet of Godzilla, perhaps our race can regain what we have lost.”
My eyes involuntarily lit up at those words. That's because it was the same for us. Vineyards were being destroyed to make way for military bases, and the traditional streets of Paris were being redesigned by strategic imperative. The desperate resistance we have fought so hard for is powerlessly crushed in the face of Godzilla...

It was then that I understood.

They were just like me.

They are the ones who lost their home and culture.

2036 Inland, former Russian Federation
Aemir Janssen European refugee (at the time)

“I am here now only because Exif came to me." "Without the

Barusaldo, I would have been monster food."
I have heard countless such accounts during my research. For those who had to wait for death from hunger, disease, and the fear of monsters in the extreme cold of Siberia, in the barren deserts of Eurasia, and in the equatorial regions of Africa, Exif and Barusaldo spaceships came to their rescue as an unlikely help and an unlikely miracle. The following testimonies are just an example.

I was crossing Eurasia to Japan. I had heard that Japan was still safe, even though the U.S. and Europe had been hit. Few people realized how reckless that trip was. Many people were driven by fear. From Europe, where Godzilla was located, to the east.

Go East. East.

That was the only word they used.

I want to move away from Godzilla. That was all I could think about. Why didn't it enter England? Where is the guarantee that Godzilla, having burned the continent to the ground, would not head for England? If it did, there would be no escape this time.

The continent has a better chance. That's what I thought. And...I couldn't swim. How many people have tried to swim across to England and drowned or been eaten by Manda?...

When we left, there were tens, hundreds of thousands, or even millions of people.
There were lines of displaced people all over the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Then they attacked. We were easy prey for the monsters like Megaguirus and Rodan. Like a line of ants, we were helplessly devoured. The evacuees were cut and torn to pieces.
It was not only humans who feared Godzilla, but other monsters as well. The monsters that had been lurking around the European continent fled eastward at once. We were trampled, eaten, and overrun by them. All the towns in between were destroyed by the monsters. Some of the starving refugees became looters and attacked their countrymen.

Then came the Russian winter...
One by one they fell.
They lined up like tombstones in the snowfield, people buried in the snow. I saw many mothers who had turned into ice statues with their young children in their arms. It was really hard to see that.
I saw a group of people who had stopped walking. They were saying, "The UN will send help." They must have just frozen like that. I didn't believe them. I had very little information.

What happened to Godzilla? Maybe it was coming after us. No, I

was sure of it. Driven by this fear, we headed east.
We headed east.
We had run out of food.
Wild beasts and river fish had all been uprooted by the monsters.
It would have been a boon if there had been food in the belongings of the refugees who had fallen ill. But that rarely happened. There was nothing to eat on the frozen land..., but we had to eat something. In such a case, you can...
... you know, to survive. I had no choice.
The teachings of the Exif forgave me. Say it was their devotion.
God. Devotion is the way of man.
Some people say that the Exif and the Barusaludo are aliens who came to invade the Earth. They say that they were originally after Earth, and that they had no choice but to lend us a helping hand because they would have lost their planet to Godzilla.

I'm sorry, but even if this is a joke, I'm going to have to take a punch.

That day, after barely surviving two winters, the only friends who had walked with us from Germany were me and-

I was the only one left. In our haste to gain as much distance as possible during the short summer, we had been too careless. We were attacked by Megaguirus on the plains where there was nowhere to hide. How could we have come this far to be bait for dragonfly larva? I closed my eyes, hugged my partner and waited for the moment. But the moment never came. When we opened our eyes, we were covered by the shadow of something huge, a flying saucer like we had seen in a science fiction movie. It was an Exif immigrant ship. It was our shield.
For them, it was their precious, irreplaceable ship. And it wasn't even designed for combat. They sent it to the Eurasian continent, which is teeming with monsters. To help us refugees. I heard that the Barusaldo were doing the same thing in Africa.

What about the others?
The ones on the East Coast of America. The ones who fled to England. The ones in Japan. They were all too busy taking care of themselves. Nobody helped us. Many of our friends were freezing to death. They died of hunger. They all became food for the monsters.

My brother, too. All of them. Everyone.

I'm sure Elena and I were among them. Only taking care of themselves. I'm sure of it.
Only the aliens came to save us. Only the aliens, who had lost their home, came to save us with their bodies. Only the aliens who lost their home came to save us with

their bodies.

Chapter 4: Counterattack

The technology brought by the Exif and Barusaldo, two alien races, dramatically increased the military power of mankind.

In 2039, with this military power as a backdrop, mankind launched a military operation to retake Europe. Operation Eternal Light.
It was the first offensive and counterattack against the monsters by the human race, which had been unilaterally deprived of its sphere of existence for half a century.
In 2034, Godzilla landed in Europe and, after unleashing its full destructive power, disappeared into the Arctic Ocean. Since then, numerous monsters have emerged, drawn by the high levels of radioactive contamination left behind by the God of Destruction. In the sea, air, and land of Europe, which has become a nest of monsters, the humanoid race alliance of Earthlings, Exifs, and Barusaldo fought fierce battles...and .....

This chapter is the only memory of victory in the monster apocalypse that is the 21st century.

Manda
July 2039, Straits of Dover
Umberto Mauri, then XO of the Submarine "Gohtengo"

Operation Eternal Light's edge of war opened at the bottom of the deepest ocean. It was a battle against a threat that had been threatening the maritime security of Europe for many years. Umberto Mauri, a genuine submariner who spent most of his military career fighting monsters in the deep sea, also participated in this battle as XO of a state-of-the-art submarine built in Japan.
After surviving a series of grueling battles, he was selected for the captaincy of the interstellar immigrant ship Aratrum in recognition of his achievements.

The total number of troops mobilized for Operation Eternal Light is two million. In order for the operation to succeed, it was necessary to land the best men and women from the East Coast, England, and Japan on the European continent and deliver water, food, weapons, and ammunition to them without delay. In order to accomplish this, we had

to destroy that sea dragon at all costs.
...Manda the Sea Dragon.

A gigantic monster with a stronghold in the Atlantic Ocean. At 150 meters long, it is among the largest monsters humans have ever encountered.
Apart from Godzilla, it was probably the greatest threat to Europeans. The Atlantic Ocean was virtually controlled by him. When Europe was overrun by Godzilla and many people tried to escape to England, Manda suddenly appeared in the Straits of Dover, sinking many ships.

Of course, since the first appearance of Manda in 2022, there have been numerous attempts to exterminate it, but all have failed. He could dive faster, deeper, and quieter than any submarine known to mankind. Even with the latest anti-submarine equipment, it was impossible to catch it in sight. We had to wait for contact with Exif and Barusaldo before we could acquire equipment to counter Manda.

May 2039. A submarine was launched in Japan. The first Gotengo Class Submarine, The Gotengo.
With its completion, the prelude to Operation Eternal Light, or Manda Extermination Operation, was launched. I was assigned to the Gotengo as XO because of my experience in several Manda extermination operations.

As you are a Japanese person, this may seem redundant to mention, like teaching a fish to swim, but during World War II, it was precisely the submarine trade disruption campaign that drove Japan into a corner. No matter how powerful an army may be, it cannot fight if its logistics are cut off. The Japanese, whose maritime transportation routes had been torn apart by the relentless attacks of the U.S. forces, learned firsthand about the threat posed by submarines. Therefore, after the war, Japan spent so much time and resources on submarines and their countermeasures.

Japan was said to be the world's best builder of conventional power submarines. With technical assistance from Exif and Barusaldo, Japan was finally able to build the Gotengo submarine. The Gotengo class submarines, of which the Gotengo, Shinten, and Kyouten were the final three built with technology provided by Exis and Bilsaludo, were the first submarines to be built in Japan. The Gotengo submarine was the pinnacle of Japan's submarine technology, the best of its kind.

The special alloys provided by Barusaldo made it possible to achieve a submerged depth, and the caterpillar drive made the submarine's underwater speed and quietness possible. The speed and

quietness of the submarine exceeded any submarine ever built by mankind. The search-and-destroy capability made possible by EXIF's Gematria operation has enabled submarines to exceed in places it couldn't before. It was as if a submarine that relied solely on its ears for sonar had suddenly acquired eyes.

Gotengo, which should be called a submarine warship, was truly the most powerful submarine ever built by mankind.

One month after the start of the operation, we received the news of the discovery of Manda. Upon receiving news of the discovery of the Manda, we sailed out of Portsmouth.

"Securing control of the Atlantic was the cornerstone of Operation Eternal Light, and this cannot be achieved without the destruction of the Mandas. Even if we need to sacrifice ourselves, we must destroy Mandas," Colonel Zingouzi stated at the start of the operation.

Manda possessed three main qualities that made it a major thread.

First, it possessed overwhelming toughness. It could withstand a direct hit from a large torpedo without difficulty, and the depth at which it could survive was estimated to be more than 8,000 meters. Its huge body, covered with steel-like scales, is a formidable weapon in its own right. Its body slams have sunk many a funereal ship.

Next, I mentioned its agility and ability to withstand a direct hit from a torpedo, but it is extremely difficult to hit it with an attack in the first place. It is unbelievably agile with its huge body If you want to make sure that the attack hits, the only way is to saturate it with explosive mines, but even that is useless if it dives into the deep sea. The one that swims freely in the sea is truly the master of the sea. A conventional submarine, which can only move through the sea in hiding, relying on its sonar, would be like a child fighting a ferocious beast with nothing.

And then, there's that ultrasonic cannon. It was thought that Manda was probably also equipped with a sonar-like organ. But this was more than a mere sound, it was a physical shockwave. If necessary, I can provide audio data recovered from the submarine sunk by Manda. Suddenly there was a strange high-pitched noise in the boat and everything was enveloped in vibrations, the crew held their heads and screamed. The next moment, the ship explodes with a huge roar. .....

When will that sound echo through my ship? Those facing Manda were always exposed to that fear. However, with the performance and abilities of the Gotengo, there must be a way to compete with Manda.

On our end, we had several advantages. One of the first was the search-and-rescue performance. The state-of-the-art passive sonar, hydrophones, and EXIF's gematria calculations enabled us to locate Manda quickly and accurately. We slowly approached Manda as it

swam leisurely across the Atlantic Ocean, hidden under a layer of variable temperatures.

“Probe sound, fire."

The active sonar fired as ordered by Capt. Zingouzi. For Manda, it was a sudden slap on the nose. It turned around and headed straight for us.

“180 degrees, bearing 040.”

The Gotengo pretended to run away at once to lure Manda away. There was plenty of speed to spare. The Gotengo’s caterpillar drive was superior to Manda's in terms of underwater speed. Using supersonic waves we guided the Manda, taking care not to get into range of the Manda’s wave cannon.

The location of the decisive battle was the Straight of Dover. Manda's maximum diving depth was much higher than the heavens. In order to prevent Manda from being lost in the depths of the ocean, it was necessary to guide him to the continental shelf. The "aft torpedo tube, 1" and "aft torpedo tube, 1" were the only two torpedo tubes that could be used.

"Aft torpedo tubes one through four, begin flooding."

"Torpedo tubes open, tubes one through four. Engage Manda!"

Two torpedoes were fired from the rear of the Ten. The captain's order signaled the end of the game of tag.

Developed specifically for the Gotengo, they had a maneuverability unmatched by conventional torpedoes. They had increased underwater autonomy and were more akin to an unmanned fighter.

While two torpedoes hit the Manda, the Gotengo turned around and faced the Manda directly. As it closed the distance between us, the captain's only response was a single order: "Quartermaster, retreat!” The ship's maneuverability easily avoided the shockwave of the invisible sound waves.

The conventional submarine warfare battle strategy was to endure for days at a time, holding their breath in the dark and silent depths of the sea, to outwit their opponents. However, this time, it was as fierce as if they were engaged in a dogfight under the sea. Manda was firing sonic cannons and we were dodging them and firing torpedoes directly at them.

It was a whole new way to fight for a submarine, and the first real battle for the Gotengo, but the crew under Capt. Jingwuji responded in style. Jinguji himself was involved in the design stage of the construction of the Gotengo class submarine, and he was the first person to be involved in the design stage.

However, even with these crews, the battle was at a standstill.

Manda's attack did not hit us, but the torpedoes were not strong enough to defeat Manda.
“Manda is approaching."
Irritated, Manda closed the distance to the roaring ship.
"Captain, should we fall back?"
If they were to strike us, we would be at a disadvantage. But Captain Zingouzi ordered them to close the distance between them and Manda. The Gotengo and Manda collided head-on, and a violent tremor struck the ship.
He's going to crush the ship!"
Manda's huge body was wrapped around the Gotengo. A warning alarm went off heard, and the ship made a creaking and shrill sound. The ship's interior was rumbling, and reports of flooding came in one after another. But Capt. Jingwuji remained calm.

“Release the coolant. Open the vents. Rapid dive.”

As the coolant from the caterpillar drive was discharged out of the ship, he ordered to continue diving.
"Release more coolant.”
The coolant froze the entirety of Manda and the surrounding seawater. The frozen Gotengo and Manda slowly sank to the bottom of the sea.

Did Ichisasa really intend to sacrifice the Gotengo to put Manda on ice?
No, not even. If that were the case, there is no way I would be here doing this right now. Issa's goal was to kill Manda's mobility. No matter how strong the opponent's armor was, if he was immobile, he would just need a more powerful weapon.
“Order the special submarine Satsuma to attack."
And it was the first move, already prepared. The first torpedo fired was to hide the main mission. They had been hiding in secret until the time came. The bottom of the Strait of Dover was full of many ships sunk by none other than Manda. There was no shortage of places to hide.
Special submarine Satsuma. It's a small submarine that lives up to its name. Or rather, it could be called an underwater power suit.The four submarines rushed at Manda, who was frozen and unable to move, and launched their deadly attack. The spearheads were armed with D-38 rock drills and liquid nitrogen inside. The warhead, spinning like a drill, shattered Manda's thick scales, and then poured the cryogenic liquid into it’s body, freezing it from the inside out.
The sound of Manda's sonic cannon, which we had been told would haunt our nightmares, was heard as it’s body filled with ice. At least let the Gotengo take us with them. Would the liquid nitrogen stop Manda's heart first, or would the Gotengo explode first?

There was nothing else to do but pray. While the whole ship was in turmoil, only Captain Jinguji kept his calm, not raising an eyebrow. The sound became higher and higher in pitch, and the ship began to vibrate. Suddenly, it stopped. No, it seemed to stop. But there was still a ringing in my ears. Had the sound stopped or not? Was Manda dead? Or was that sound an iron hammer will soon come down on this ship.

Everyone was having a hard time believing their own senses.
In the midst of it all, Capt. Zingouzi said, “Gentlemen, you have done well. We have won."
Immediately, the crew exploded with emotion.
This is an absolute taboo on a submarine, where quietness is the most important weapon, but on this occasion, I could not suppress my emotions.

I found myself shouting "banzai, banzai" along with the Japanese, even though I was born in Italy.
Manda, which had been overrun Europe for so long, had been eradicated, and Operation Eternal Light was finally ready to go into effect.

Biollante
September 2039, Normandy Coast, Former French Republic
Daichi Tani, First Sergeant, Far Eastern Army (at the time)

The first person I have to thank for my series of investigations is Daichi Tani.
He was the one who helped me escape when Japan fell in 2045, and he was my escort during my subsequent research. He was always by my side as my escort during the subsequent investigations. He is usually calm, but when the time comes, he is a surprisingly reliable soldier. He is a veteran of many battles, having survived fierce battles on the Chinese mainland, the Korean peninsula, and in Europe.

Yes, Mr. Investigator. If there is anything that a man like yourself can answer, please ask.

Ah. Is there no need to use formal language?

That makes it difficult for me, though.

No, it is not. If it is the order of the inspector. Yes, sir.

In fact, a company commander would have been better suited for this kind of thing.

It can't be helped. I will answer to the best of my ability.

Nothing energizes soldiers like myself more than the word "offensive." After all, there is no end to the defense. But if you can go on the offensive, you can crush your enemy, take victory into your own hands, and end the war. Operation Eternal Light was the first large-scale offensive in the long war against the monsters. It was a genuine offensive for victory, unlike the limited, reconnaissance-level offensives that Japan had conducted on the peninsula and the continent.
Since the emergence of the Kamacuras in 1999, mankind has been unilaterally losing land to the Kaiju. Now, the Kaiju want to take it back. Moreover, with the help of Exif and Birsaldo, two aliens We, the Far East Autonomous Region, which has become a part of the Japan-Earth Federation, have decided to deploy a large-scale military force to the Far East. There was not a soldier at that time who did not volunteer. We are no longer the people we were yesterday, who had been continuously defeated by monsters. As a member of the Earth Federation, we will take back the Earth. Such aspirations filled the air.

• • • • • •

We have no choice.

Shortly before the arrival of Exif and Barusaldo, my own company had been working as a member of the Fuji Teaching Corps.
We were involved in the development of prototype weapons at the foot of Mt. Fuji. An elite group? What do you mean? We were just a bunch of guys with a lot of experience who were forced to help make a strange toy. Yes. Later, the fortified city of Fuji was built by Barusaldo, but even then at that time, it was already one of the largest arsenals in the world, with all the domestic munitions factories gathered in one place. I was ordered to test a mobile armored suit for infantrymen. It was a so-called "powered suit."

The first one was so badly made that it could not even be used in a propaganda for the mass media, let alone in actual combat.
But then, Barusaldos science and technology were provided, and it was transformed into something completely different.
The Jaguar was reborn as something completely different. The Japanese version of the Type 38 Mobile Combat Suit Jaguar.
It was a wonderful thing.
It combined the flexibility of infantry with the offensive and defensive capabilities of a tank. It was a dream come true. Anyone who has ever stood on the battlefield as an infantryman would have sold his soul to the devil to acquire one.

The reason why my company was assigned to the European contingent from among many volunteers was that I was the most familiar with the new equipment. As a 40-plus year-old sergeant, I was assigned to the G-Force, the Earth United Forces dispatched to Europe to retake

Europe and exterminate Godzilla. I crossed the Straits of Dover with the European forces and set foot on the land of Normandy.

Normally, I would have retired long ago, but at that point in his life, I was already a veteran.

The infantry's mobility, firepower, and information-processing capabilities had been greatly enhanced, and its space titanium armor had been designed to withstand the a direct hit from a Caliber 50 (Note 1).

I heard that the decision was based on satellite reconnaissance, Exif's gematria calculations, and residual radiation from Gojira. Well, perhaps it was a good luck charm tied to the victory in World War II. I don't mean to criticize the commanders, but I still think they should have remembered the example of the Pacific where Godzilla existed. In other words, even if there is a zone where Kaiju do not seem to exist, it is the territory of the dreaded Kaiju.

We, the mobile infantry, landed as an advance party. After confirming the safety of the surrounding area, the main landing party landed. The main force began to land and build a bridgehead on the beach.

It happened at the most vulnerable moment.

The first ship to be sunk was the Far Eastern cruiser Ako, which was offshore. A tentacle-like creature suddenly appeared out of the sea and tangled with the Ako, pulling her into the sea in an instant. I did not see it. I did not see it because I was attacked by it almost at the same time. Green, deep green, plant-like ivy equipped with predatory organs and carnivorous faces surfaced. Dozens or hundreds of them appeared from the ground They began to attack us on the coast. The beach was instantly in a state of melee. The state-of-the-art electromagnetic acceleration rifles were useless. The whip-like ivy was difficult to aim at and there was also the danger of friendly fire. The most advanced rifles were useless.

"Guns are useless! Use your hatchets! The captain ordered. The hatchet was on his hip for emergency use. With that hatchet, He ran up and down the coast to protect unarmed supply convoys and engineering units, cutting ivy from one side to the other as if he were a medieval knight or a Japanese samurai. In the meantime, tanks and infantry fighting vehicles, which could not maneuver, were being pulled along the beach on their wheels. Infantry fighting vehicles were being destroyed, their wheels tangled up in the offshore, several landing craft were also turned over and ・・・・・・.

"Hey, Chief, this is going to be interesting," the squadron commander said.

The company commander said. I have known him for a long time, but when he says things like that, things are really bad. Sure enough, there was a strong tremor at that moment, so strong that I could hardly stand up. Suddenly, the hillside exploded. Sediment and bedrock were strewn about, and something enormous was about to emerge from underground. I thought it might be Godzilla, but when I opened my eyes, there it was...well, what else can I call it but a wheel.

A huge rose, 80 meters high, was towering like a skyscraper.

And there was another one in the middle.

"It's like some kind of rose organism.....?"

We had seen many Kaiju in our operations on the continent and peninsula, but we had never seen anything like this.

"Captain, this is an unknown Kaiju. Let's retreat and regroup."

"I'd like to do the same, but do you think the top brass would come this far and tell us to run away?"

The top brass decided to continue the operation.

"Damn it, you're in Normandy, that's what happens when you come to Normandy!" The company commander was spitting. Instead of basking in their former triumphs, they were being dragged into the same mortal combat as they had been on Omaha Beach.

The European EMP and the Far Eastern EMP's ultrasonic laser tanks fired their railguns and maser cannons.

When they fired their railguns and maser cannons at them, the plants formed a rose monster, which was later named Biollante. At that time we just called them "big plants" or "monster flowers" or whatever we wanted to call them. The ivy even spit out a solution that dissolved even space titanium, and the poor soldiers were sacrificed, tank by tank. By contrast, Biollante spits out its solution with the sharpness of a laser cutter, even shooting down an F-7J fighter bomber attempting an airstrike and a cruise missile launched from a warship at sea.

The command center had come prepared with a large amount of anti-Godzilla weaponry. The command center was forced to deploy a super-sized maser turret for the Godzilla, which had to be unloaded onto the beach and installed in time. In order to buy time to land and install them on the beach, the Far Eastern Army's mobile aerial fortresses began firing in front of Biollante, acting as decoys.

Our own company was in support of an engineering unit that was trying to install Markalite F.A.H.P.s. It was insane to try to land such a huge weapon in front of the Kaiju. But we were still desperate.

"We've come all this way, we can't just run away! This is our land! This is our land! "This is our land!" "Today is the day we end our history of defeat!" We encouraged each other like that. They fought against the

ivy that attacked them with determination. We were barely able to hold on to our Markalite units. Yet the Markalite F.A.H.P. was defended. From offshore the nuclear- powered aircraft carrier Matthias Jaxson, an enormous amount of power was poured into the Markalite F.AH.P. system. Blue rays of light hit Biollante. We cheered as we watch the monster engulfed in flames. The company commander blackmails us not to get carried away.

Despite being engulfed in flames, Biollante was still alive. In fact, the petals of the flower, which should have been burnt off, regenerated, and in the flames, it quickly took on a different shape, changing from a plant to a carnivorous animal with huge jaws like a crocodile's. As far as I know, Godzilla is the only other monster with that kind of regenerative ability (Note 2).

“All hands move out!” the company commander ordered.

Biollante's tentacles rushed in, and the Markalite F.A.H.P. collapsed. If the company commander had not given the order so quickly, they would have been pinned under it.

“Holy shit, we might have to do some more work.”

To a frightening degree, the company commander's prediction came true.

The squadron was given a special attack mission.

Data observed during the battle revealed that there was a huge cavity at the "base" of Biollante. The gematria operation was used to determine the location of the cavity. The gematria operation was based on the idea that in order to defeat a plant monster with regenerative capabilities comparable to those of Godzilla, it would be necessary to directly attack the root of the Biollante.

The company commander gave the order.

We arrived at the base of Biollante in two Mogera vehicles, which were still in the prototype stage. We found ourselves at the base of the Biollante. We burrowed deeper into the green mass. In the center of the pale green underground cavity was a red flickering heart made of something that could only be called a heart made of... plants.

The Mogera were, so to speak, a foreign body that had burrowed into Biollante's body. Naturally, the tentacles rushed in to eliminate them. There was no time to waste in setting explosives. They were fighting a defensive battle with the Mogera’s body as a shield, and finally, when one of the Mogera’s was badly damaged, the company commander made a decision.

"All hands, assault support attack! I'm going in with this thing!"

Yes, that's right. Yes, he was reckless like that.

"Some drugs are only injectable, Mr. Monster!"

With that cry, the company commander drove a Mogera filled

with explosives into Biollante's heart. Amazingly, the man did not die. He escaped just in time. All that remained was to flee at once. We were really lucky to have the Jaguar suits. If we hadn't been wearing those things, we would have been swallowed by the explosion underground, along with Biollante's heart.
We returned to the hole that Mogera had dug, and just when we could barely see the way out, the bomb we had set off exploded. The bomb exploded and our company was thrown onto the beach with a blast on our backs.
We watched as our company was thrown onto the beach with the blast on our backs, and we watched as the burning Biollante slowly collapsed under the firestorm.
As it withered, their company they were crushed by the soldiers who had rushed toward them as the heroes of the fight against Biollante. It was not a heroic act, but it was not a bad feeling. Yes, they had won. They had won. Biollante was a mighty, and totally unknown, monster that seemed that it could have rivaled Godzilla.

We had no information about it, and we were attacked just after landing, which was an extremely unfavorable situation.

We might really be able to win.

We might be able to retake Europe.

That's what I thought.

Note 1: The technology developed for the Oratio and Aratlam robots for civil engineering work is also inherited from the Oratio and Aratlam. Note 2: There is a theory that Biollante may be a monster that is a close relative of Godzilla because of its plant-like body structure and its ability to regenerate.

Zilla, Gorosaurus
October~December 2039, Rouen~Paris, former French Republic
Haruka Yashiro (maiden name), tank company, company commander (at the time)

Many young lives were lost during the long battle against the monsters. In order to compensate for the lost forces, mankind no longer had the luxury of distinguishing between young and old, and it was no longer unusual to see female soldiers on the front lines. Operation Eternal Light was no different. After successfully completing the second Normandy Operation, the forces retaking Europe set their sights on Paris, the capital of France, as their next target. Numerous monsters were waiting in the army's path.

Haruka Yashiro was the woman who led the tank company to the front.

Yes, that's right. We encountered Godzilla near Rouen, and I was the one who sent out the news that we had succeeded in destroying it. I'm sorry we made the world so happy, but it couldn't be helped.
Bipedal, with three rows of dorsal fins and a long tail, the ..... thing's features were very similar to Godzilla's. It looked a lot like Godzilla, and no one in our unit had ever seen Godzilla with their own eyes.
Of course, although I did think it was too easy when the maser cannon and railgun took it down in a single shot...
But, I want to make sure to write this down. We don't know if the creature named Zilla is a relative of Godzilla or a completely different species. Scholars should look into it.
But he was a different kind of threat, but a serious one. Above all, its reproductive
abilities. They could multiply anywhere. Hermaphrodites? I think. Anyway, they were multiplying at an alarming rate when our unit landed.
Rouen was spared a direct assault by Godzilla. So there must have been survivors, if that's true. But we couldn't find any survivors. I think they were all eaten alive.
The big ones were dangerous, but it was the children that were more of a problem. They work in packs and are intelligent. A live human being is no match for them, and depending on their numbers, they can be dangerous even if they are wearing jaguars.

The juveniles would act as decoys to lure the tanks, and the adults would top attack from the rooftops of the buildings. What a trap they set! Yes, the adult was smaller than Godzilla, but its small size and agility made it a rather serious threat in urban areas. And not just in

Rouen. Many cities in France were nests for them. Liberating a city controlled by the Zilla would be more difficult than taking on any other Kaiju. than against any other monster. If one juvenile, or even one egg, was left behind, they would start reproducing again.

The only way to stop them was to go city by city. But how in the world do we do that? How much time and how many infantry do you think it will take? I heard that some idiots in the upper echelons are suggesting that we just drop in and burn the whole city down. Yeah, right. Notre Dame Cathedral and everything. That would be a complete disaster.

It's not a total fallacy. Even if you go to ....., Zira was such a formidable enemy that such an idea was even entertained. In the end, we were only able to surround Rouen with a portion of our force, and we, the main body of G-Force, had no choice but to hurry onward.

We were under absolute orders to liberate Paris by Christmas.

We headed south from Rouen toward Paris. We were able to rescue several survivors at several historic castles and churches we stopped at along the way. They were built hundreds of years ago and had served as fortresses to protect those who had been left behind. They were loaded onto Exif and Barusaludo spaceships and quickly transported to the rear.

During the march, they were attacked several times by radon swarms, which were shot down by anti-aircraft G-HEDs. Oh, our unit was a group of maser gun-oriented weapons developed and manufactured in Japan and the super-electromagnetic gun developed in the U.S. were operated together. In the beginning, we used to bicker with each other, saying, "They malfunction so easily," or "They run out of ammunition so easily.

But by this time, we were able to cooperate with each other well (Note 2).

We knew from our prior reconnaissance that Paris was a bedding ground for Gorosaurus. Like Zilla, it is a bipedal monster reminiscent of a carnivorous dinosaur. It is as agile as Zilla, and even more so.

We were lucky that there was only one and it was not reproducing, but other than that, it was a very tricky opponent. They had a terrifying jumping ability, and several of our reconnaissance drones were swatted down.

The location chosen for the decisive battle was the Vex en Francais Nature Park, but we were able to lure him there. Two Super X IIs were dropped to lure him there (Note 3). The G-HED barrage held his thrashing head, and our maser tanks fired a volley. He was still alive, and had inadvertently advanced too far into Barusaldo's spaceship--which had become the battalion's vanguard. He was caught in the explosion

of the spaceship, which was engulfed in flames, and died ・・・・・・

I don't know why my tank crew was chosen to be first in Paris.
Maybe it was for propaganda reasons or something. I think they thought that if the men of the world knew that an all-female chariot group was fighting in Paris, they would be motivated to compete with them.

We marched down the Rue des Grandes-Armées toward the Arc de Triomphe.
The city was dead quiet.
We had liberated Paris, but unlike the images of World War II that I had seen on black and white film, the people were cheering and welcoming us.

At first, Ii seemed there were no civilians to greet us with cheers.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw people waving French flags under the Arc de Triomphe. They were all in shambles.
They were so skinny and skinny that they looked like they were being waved by a flag rather than waving it, but they were Parisians for sure. I immediately called the command post.
"Command Post, Command Post, this is Car 1, the citizens, the citizens are here to greet us! The people of Paris are alive! The people of Paris are alive! The people of Paris are alive!

And you know what they said?

"Car 1 over Command Post. I think you're looking at it wrong. You're trying to reassure the public again,"
They were still upset about Zilla's misidentification.
"Send a battalion of press guys right now if you don't want to miss the Pulitzer," I said. I jumped out of the tank and started running toward the flag-waving citizens.

"Hey. Akira Sakaki, the inspector."

I hugged the young man at the front and danced with him.

I think it was after one song that I realized he was Japanese, just like me.
Now let me be the one to ask you.
How did you survive there for 5 years?
Why were you, a Japanese, waving the flag with the Parisians?

Yes, Haruka asks me.

In fact, I crossed over to the continent in 2037, some three years after the destruction of Europe. Unlike other cataclysmic hiders, I had been hiding in the catacombs of Paris for only a little more than two years. Dr. Wilhelm Meissner, a leading researcher on Godzilla at the time, overcame the opposition of those around him and traveled to Europe in search of clues to elucidate Godzilla's ecology.

He traveled to Europe in search of clues that would shed light on

Godzilla's ecology, and then disappeared. I was assigned the task of searching for him. Unfortunately, I was unable to find Dr. Meissner, but the results of his research were found in the catacombs of Paris, where he was entrusted to a citizen who was hiding. It is my greatest pride that I was able to bring it back safely.

I have never forgotten how I wandered through the devastated Europe and came into contact with the people in the catacombs of Paris, and how the people of Paris were living underground for five years. How the people of Paris endured five years underground is beyond the scope of this document, so I will leave it for another time.

The year is 2039.

Within six months of the launch of Operation Eternal Light, Paris was retaken by the human race. The Allied Forces of Earth used this city as a bridgehead to wipe out the monsters from Europe. Brussels, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, Moscow..., and a number of abandoned cities were once again taken back into human hands.

(This was due in large part to the fact that the anti-nuclear energy bacteria provided by Barusaldo made it possible to decontaminate the radiation).

Humanity was thrilled by reports of successive victories. For the first time in almost a half-century, since the Kamacuras appeared in New York in 1999, the time of triumph had arrived. The only concern was the possible whereabouts of Godzilla, the greatest threat to mankind.

Despite this. the world was filled with optimism that, having acquired alien technology and liberated Europe, it would be easy to defeat Godzilla. By the time the plan to return to Europe was launched in 2041, the birth rate, which had been on the decline, suddenly jumped and the world experienced a baby boom.

I was also given a leave of absence to attend the wedding ceremony of a tanker, who had also returned to Japan and changed her last name to Sakaki.

Neither I nor Haruka knew.

No one in the human race knew.

That was the last, happy time for mankind until he reappeared in 2042. Note 1: This bipedal monster, which has characteristics similar to those of Godzilla, is considered a close relative of Godzilla. Some believe that the two systems are related, while others believe that they are unrelated, and no conclusion has yet been reached. Note 2: Among the weapons of the Far Eastern and Western military systems, which should be installed on the Aratollam and the Oratio,

which have different characteristics, was the subject of much debate, but the Western military system was finally adopted because of its superior serviceability. Note 3: The Super-X achieved great results in the Normandy landings, but in exchange suffered severe damage. The Super X was modified locally as an unmanned aircraft.

The Year 2048

To: Daichi Tani
From: Akira Sakaki

Daichi.
This is Akira.
I have urgent matters to attend tot.
My wife and I are on our way to the Alliance Headquarters.
The upper management is trying to erase most of the information on Godzilla and monsters from the Aratrum's database server. The reasoning is that the human race is heading for a new world and does not need memories of shameful defeats; they are useless to the crew's offspring, who will be demoralized by them. The crew is told to fill the empty space with entertainment information.

This is absurd.
To lose history is to lose the future.
How did mankind lose the earth and seek a new place?
How did humanity lose?
Our descendants have the right to know.

Page 214:
I have to convince the upper management.
Please take care of my son Haruo.
In case of emergency ..... No, I will be back in time for the shuttle launch.

Sorry for the trouble.
Thanks again.
Akira Sakaki
00:54 3/11/2048